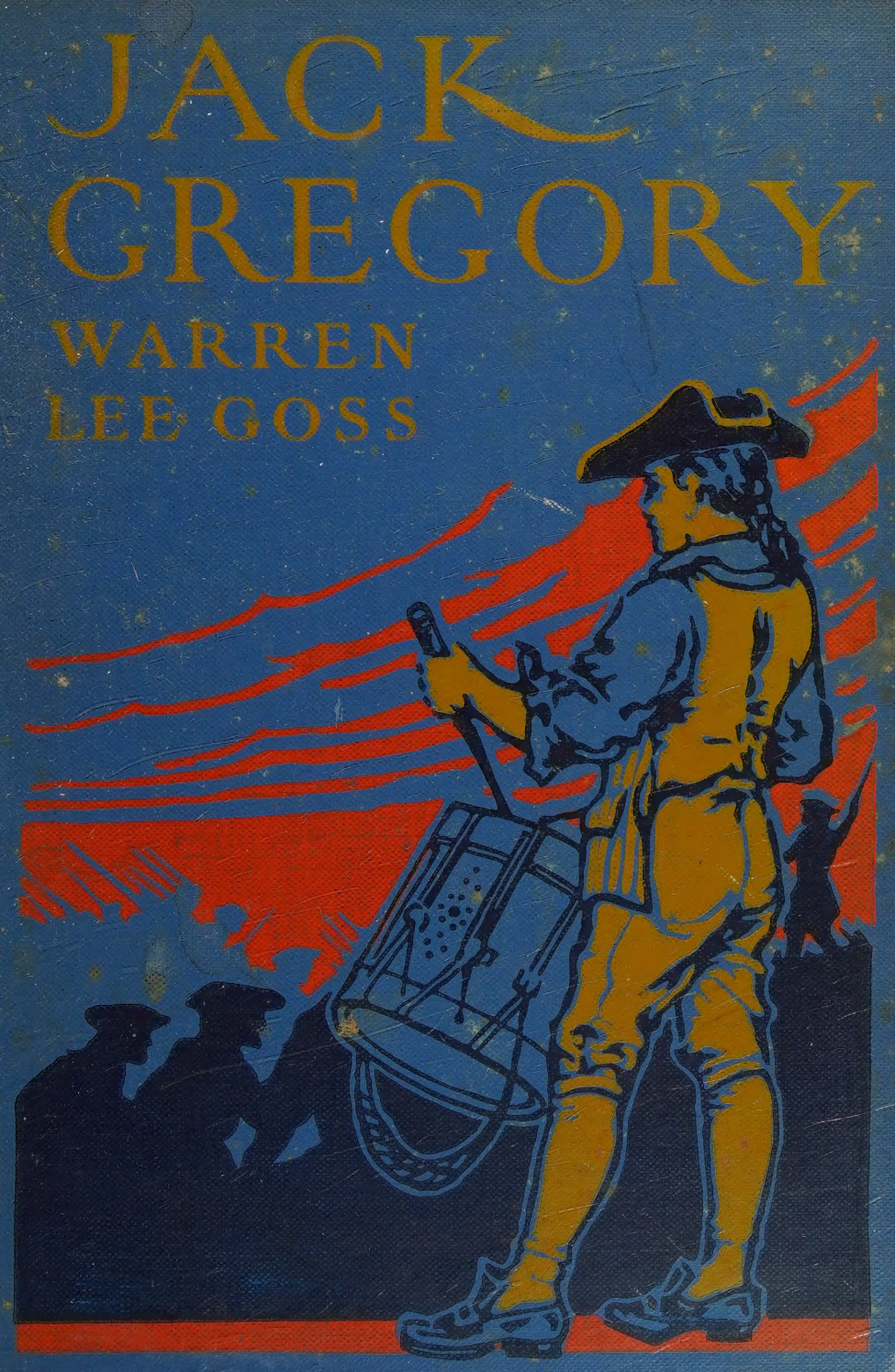
JACK GREGORY

WARREN LEE GOSS



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JACK GREGORY

BOOKS BY WARREN LEE GOSS

JED. A boy's adventures in the Civil War.

TOM CLIFTON. A story of adventures in Grant's and Sherman's armies.

JACK ALDEN. Adventures in the Virginia Campaigns.

IN THE NAVY. A story of naval adventures during the Civil War.

JED'S BOY. A story of adventures in the World War.

JACK GREGORY. A boy's adventures in the War of the Revolution.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
NEW YORK

—Frontispiece

HE REINED IN HIS HORSE

JACK GREGORY

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

WARREN LEE GOSS

Author of "Jed," "Tom Clifton," "Jack Alden," "Jed's Boy," etc.

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR

NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATED
TO MY
FRIEND AND COMRADE,
GEORGE I. BUXTON
NORWALK,
CONNECTICUT

PREFACE

The American Revolution was the most momentous event in history; its Declaration of Independence is the keynote of liberty; its National Constitution a successful experiment in making life, liberty, and social advancement secure under the influence of laws made by those who are to obey them.

In this story the writer has attempted to reinvest with life some of the scenes of that period; to throw light upon its spectacle without departing from the facts of history.

That portion of the story which tells of British and Tory raids from Long Island upon the defenceless coast of Connecticut culminating in the burning of Fairfield and Norwalk by General Tryon, is mostly drawn from a study of the town and church records of Norwalk—a patriotic town which Bancroft tells us, furnished more men in proportion to its people than any other of all the colonies.

The purpose of this book is to teach patriotism by calling attention to those times when the foundations of this nation were cemented by the

blood of its people, in its seven years' war for independence.

In these days when there is a threat to overturn orderly liberty, and to place in its stead license, these lessons from our past seem especially needful.

The writer submits these pages to his readers, especially those upon whom rests the future of this republic, its boys and girls, with the hope that the reading of them may be accompanied by the blessings of their father's God.

W. L. G.

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JACK GREGORY

CHAPTER I

A SABBATH DAY ADVENTURE

"FATHER," I pleaded, "can I stay at home from meeting today?"

My father threw a huge backlog on the flames in order to keep the fire alive until our return from the three-hour divine service, and then slowly turned to me, and with a surprised, stern look on his face, said: "Want to stay away from meeting!"

"Yes," I took courage to say, "it is so cold that I do nothing but shiver and freeze all the time I am there."

"My son," he solemnly replied, "the house of the Lord and the service of God is not for comfort but for salvation of the wicked; you must go to meeting!"

But though father's austere reply kept me from further words, it did not keep me from further thoughts of the cold and tediousness that I felt was in store for me at the meeting, herded with other youngsters and kept in order by Mr.

Betts, the tything man with a big stick. That morning my mind was tinged with rebellion and turned to thoughts in which Satan was to prove, for a time, my master.

While mother with the help of sister Mary cleared the breakfast table, I contemplated the long sermon and service ahead without a bit of cheerfulness or religious enthusiasm.

The time of this typical Sabbath occurrence was in those Colonial days just preceding the Revolution; the place, the New England town of Norwalk, Connecticut. My father was proud to be descended in this third generation from one of the thirty "approved families" that settled in Norwalk, named in the original grant made to Rodger Ludlow by the Indian Chief Mahackemo and others of his tribe, April 20, 1640. He was a sturdy descendant of John Gregory for whom he was named; and my grandfather, who died at eighty-six years of age, was one of those brave men who fought in the terrible King Philip's War, during which twelve New England towns were utterly destroyed and scores of women and helpless children perished; but the results of which gave peace from future Indian wars to the New England colonies.

The original John Gregory was said to have been a younger son of a good family, who, converted to the new religious faith, had notwith-

standing family protests joined that sturdy band which for conscience sake had sought new homes and religious freedom in the wilderness of America.

My father was not an ordinary man in either appearance or character. He was over six feet in height, slow and deliberate in movement and with a precision of speech which had a stateliness as though inspired by his Bible—the only book he read—and in which he was a faithful believer.

My mother was Mary Fitch, also descended from a family famous in the settlement.

Although I have a just pride in the stalwart manhood of my ancestors who had settled the wilderness and had fought for its possession with savages, I also have no small admiration for that intrepid Indian chieftain who, foreseeing that his people were about to be driven from the land of their birth, formed a league to drive the white invaders from their soil.

I have made mention of this bit of history not so much from pride, as because I believe I have inherited a love for perilous adventure from my forebears.

As the family proceeded to meeting at the sound of the bell, which had but lately taken the place of a drum in calling to service, we formed in a single file for our march through the snow, my father leading, while mother, sister Mary,

my rebellious self, and Skip, the dog, brought up the rear; for Skip seldom absented himself from meeting, but slept peacefully by the side of mother's foot-stove with more comfort, and possibly quite as much appreciation of the sermon, than I.

I went into the Meeting House—father saw to that—and had taken my place near the drafty door with the other boys; for the men and women, boys and girls, had each separate places in meeting in those times. Presently the preacher mounted the pulpit and the long service began. It would not have been so hard to endure, perhaps, if the room had not been so chilly —only a few degrees above freezing point. We had risen for prayers when Satan seized me, and I slipped behind Mr. Betts' back, and out of the door to freedom. It was cold outside, too, but then a boy could jump around and keep warm.

I had not got far when I found that Skip had followed me. This was comforting, for sin like misery loves company. It was a cold, crisp, sunny morning. The snow lay deep on the opposing hillsides, between which glistened the frozen river, while the more distant harbor with its nearby islands and Long Island Sound sparkled in the sunlight, like some fairy scene. The fleecy clouds, the warming sun, with hills

and woods gleaming in their winter robes of whiteness, appealed to me powerfully. Though at first I had felt the reproach of conscience and a dread of the after account of chastisement, I soon forgot to worry in the joy of being outdoors.

I had a barrel-stave sled in our cowshed and, having got it, began sliding downhill from the town house to the frozen river. But as the snow was growing soft under the sun's warmth, I soon abandoned this amusement and started off, drawing my sled after me, in search of further adventure.

How far I ventured into the forest I do not know, and gave it little thought at the time; but it must have been several miles from the settlement. I had stopped to throw snowballs at the chippering squirrels that sported among the overhanging branches of the trees, when I heard a cry that startled me.

After listening a moment, I concluded it was an owl or the yell of a wild cat, and went on with my snowballing; when the outcry was more distinctly repeated. Skip in advance of me began barking furiously. I hurried forward despite a shiver of superstitious dread, though it was apparently the call of some person in distress.

When I got to the spot where Skip was sniffing and growling, I found that the cry came

from a pit dug to entrap wolves, for which at that time a considerable reward was offered.

I lay on my stomach peering into the pit, and saw an Indian boy about my own age, who had been entrapped instead of a wolf. To my answering "Hello!" he made some indistinct reply and looked up with a shrinking of distrust, as though preferring wolf to a white boy. However, when I lowered my sled by its stout string into the hole and made motions for him to take hold, while I pulled him from the pit, he showed more confidence. But something seemed to be the matter with him, besides fright, and I soon saw that he had been hurt; for on holding down my hands for his assistance he did not get to his feet, but outstretched his arms imploringly.

Then I threw the sled string to him, which he seized and I began vainly tugging to draw him out of durance; but only succeeded in tumbling head-first into the pit myself. Fortunately, I did not hurt the boy, for seeing me coming he rolled away from the threatening avalanche; so there were two in a hole instead of one.

I tried to hold counsel with him, but he would not or could not talk. Then my forethought coming behindhand, I recognized that if I had filled up the pit with snow before tumbling into it, the problem of getting the young savage out of his fix would have been solved. It was too

late, however, to be benefited by an afterthought, so I put my wits to work planning his and my own rescue.

Stooping I got the Indian on my shoulders. Then I stood up and he clambered to the upper ground. But instead of throwing in snow, as I had motioned for him to do, I was alarmed to hear him scrambling off on my sled, that he had pulled up after him.

And there I was, and likely—so it seemed—to remain, until some settler should come to the pit for a wolf, or some entrapped wolf should make a meal of me. It was not until then that I began to think that it was a fore-ordained punishment inflicted for sins committed on the Sabbath day.

I must have remained, contriving and despairing, for over an hour, with both my conscience and my predicament troubling me, when I heard a distant halloo. It can be believed that I lost no time in replying. The call came nearer until at last an older Indian appeared and quickly accomplished my rescue.

After being extricated, my conscience, which had been in the ascendant, troubled me less than hunger. So when the Indian made motions to his mouth and said "eat," I was not long in understanding that if I accompanied him, my hunger would be satisfied. I was chilled through

and through, and hungry enough to eat the wolf for whose reception the pit was intended.

I accompanied him until we reached a sheltered spot where under a big oak was a wigwam of skins before which blazed a cheerful fire, and where sat the young Indian I had rescued. He received me with grateful gestures, and the English word "friend." He showed me how he had reached camp by lying down on my sled, and with pieces of stick in either hand propelled himself over the snow.

The interior of the wigwam was made comfortable by two bearskins, where I was invited to rest until food was prepared by the Indian's squaw. Then I was helped to some broiled venison and corn-cake, which I thought the most appetizing food I had ever eaten. When I was warmed, fed, and rested, after many kind attentions from Winnake—for that was the boy's name—I rose up to start for home; but the Indian man informed me by signs and a few English words that the sun had gone down, and the darkness would make it difficult for me to find my way. Dreading the long journey and other disagreeable things which I was willing to postpone, I readily consented to remain for the night.

I awakened from the sleep of a tired boy to find a comforting breakfast awaiting me. As

I again made ready to depart, the Indian boy gave me a pair of beautiful moccasins, and the older Indian a buckskin jacket fringed and painted. He would take no denial when I tried to make him understand that I could not accept so valuable a present.

The Indian man accompanied me until we came within sight of the village. Then he took leave of me by placing one hand on my breast and ejaculating the word, "friends," and saying: "Mohegans never forget."

On reaching home I was received as one from the dead. My mother and sister were in tears, and father with some of his neighbors had been searching the woods and river for me. Father was still out searching; but as mother was telling this to me, he came in. His face lit up joyfully when he saw me, and he greeted me warmly.

"Where have you been, my son?" he asked pleasantly.

When in answer I told him of my adventures he seemed so interested that I thought I might escape punishment, but after a fervent prayer of thanks for my safe return he led the way to the barn, where I was faithfully punished, as I had anticipated.

After this he took me to the study of Mr. Dickinson, the minister, for instructions or cen-

sure, the last of which I dreaded even more than the spanking I had received. But my reception was different from what I had expected. I had never come in near contact with the minister before, and, judging him by his stern and vigorous condemnation of sinners from the pulpit, I feared the worst. His kind and fatherly manner surprised and impressed me, as he by questions drew from me the details of my Sabbath-breaking adventures, during which I told him bluntly I had rather be punished in the way I had been, than to shiver in the cold through the uncomfortable hours of meeting.

He gravely replied: "There are many uncomfortable things, my boy, in doing right; but the path of righteousness is straight and narrow, while the gates of hell are invitingly wide, the entrance of which is strewn with flowers, but the end of which is eternal death."

He uttered a few words of prayer invoking God's blessing on my young head, and then with a twinkle in his eyes that almost belied his words, he took my hand, patted my shoulder, and with a manner different from anything I had before known led me to a corner of his study and took from the shelves a volume of "Robinson Crusoe." I was soon so deeply interested in the book, that I had to be reminded when it was time to go home.

With a benignant smile my host invited me to call next day, and finish reading the book.

It was thus that I formed the acquaintance of this truly great man, whose influence affected my whole after life and fortunes.

CHAPTER II

WORK AND PLAY

AFTER this I made many visits to Mr. Dickinson and his library, for he made them interesting by his stories and talk, and excited in me a desire to know more than the mere lessons he taught. Having a retentive memory and great enthusiasm for some branches I willingly surrendered my small playtime for study. The judicious praise of my master, as well as his lucid explanations, encouraged and stimulated me with a desire to excel, and helped me to form the habits of study and thought. His gentleness and charming personality drew me to him closer with each day's association. Though his own boys and girls were grown to manhood and womanhood, he still was fond of youngsters and was so patient with my restless disposition that I quickly grew to love him. It seems to me, in contemplating that period of my life, that the debt I owe him grows larger with each passing year.

My two hours' daily study and recitation were, in some sense, the happiest hours of the day. Evenings by the light of a blazing fire, or candle

light, as well as at other times, I studied at home, wrote, and drew maps on the birch bark stripped from our firewood, for paper was scarce and expensive, and in any case hard to procure. By day as I worked in chopping or hoeing I thought over my lessons.

I had to work; everybody worked in those times. My mother and sister carded and spun yarn, and prepared the flax and wove the cloth for our clothing, for cotton cloth and calico were at that time as dear as silk, and not easily obtained at any price. They also cut and made the garments for the family, as well as preparing our food and washing the clothes; so there were few idle moments in our household.

I believe that it was this work that made New England strong and self-reliant beyond most folks. Work was so ingrained in the habits of our people, that idleness, or so-called frivolous amusements, were held to be the wicked traps of Satan.

There was one thing we had in plenty at that period, and that was plain, nourishing food. There was venison and sea fowl and other game to be easily had, though powder and shot were scarce and expensive. Clams, oysters, and fish were plentiful and easily secured. But luxuries such as sugar, coffee and tea were almost unknown at our tables.

We had a flat-bottomed, center-board boat which it was a great pleasure for me to sail or row; and as father sometimes said, I "was as fond of water as a fish." I was often reproved for being more fond of digging clams and catching fish, than hoeing corn, digging out stumps, or weeding the garden. Our boat had a mutton-leg or triangular sail, and I was never so happy as when with a stiff breeze and some squid for bait I trawled for bluefish or bass. Seated on the windward gunwale of my craft, while the leeward side dipped the water, catching a bluefish at almost every short tack across the shallows, was exhilarating fun.

Off the harbor were picturesque islands which I sometimes visited, and one small isle I considered my especial kingdom, and of which in imagination I was the Robinson Crusoe. I loved to visit this islet which was but a rock covered with dense foliage, rising abruptly from the water on three sides with a good landing place on its western flank. It was but a stone's throw in length and breadth, and as compact a piece of virgin beauty as is seldom seen. In the summer months the wild rose and yellow and blue flowers embroidered its green with picturesque vividness, which I cannot express in my poor words. Here I loved to resort to clean my fish for home use, or to wash my clams and oysters. On its highest

parts I could view the town, the harbor, and Long Island Sound.

It was on one of these fishing excursions that I formed the acquaintance of Captain Nathan Mallory, who sailed a vessel between our port and Boston, now and then touching at New Haven, New London, and other harbors. He sometimes bought my fish and oysters and clams, paying me in precious articles brought from Boston or other ports. At times he brought news of the doings in Boston, and I was deeply interested in the tales of the ports and peoples he had visited, when in younger years he had sailed on foreign voyages. He was as rough as the seas he sailed, but his roughness was but the outer coating of much that was wholesome and manly.

He often invited me to take a voyage with him, and even urged me to become a sailor.

These trivial things I have mentioned in outline, because as you shall see, they had a part in more important events in which I was to participate.

In one of these water excursions, after catching an abundant supply of fish I resorted to my island to clean them. On landing I was surprised to find a birch-bark canoe on the shore. I had not time to explore, and willing to believe that I had found a canoe which had drifted in, I was in the act of attaching it to my boat, when

whiz came an arrow which fixed itself quivering in the broad stern of my boat.

Alarmed, for I had nothing with which to defend myself but an oar, and fearing injury, I threw myself in the bottom of my boat. There I lay waiting for the supposed enemy to shoot one more arrow, when I planned to shove my boat away from shore before he could shoot a third.

The second arrow came whizzing by my head, and as in former case fixed itself quivering in my boat. Concluding that the aggressor was a bad marksman, I seized my oar and stood up to push off from the shore, when I saw a dark face peering from a near-by bush.

Holding up my hands I called out: "Don't shoot! I don't want your canoe; come down and get her!" Whereupon an Indian with a shout of recognition came forward with friendly greetings. It was Winnake, the boy whom I had rescued from the wolf pit!

It was a meeting in which pleasure was mutual. He told me that his father was off hunting and fishing, and that this was their rendezvous or meeting place. He explained that at first he had not known me, and, in any case had not intended to hurt, but to alarm me, so as to prevent my taking his canoe. Though this was conveyed more by signs than words, I understood.

Then he took me to a secluded hut among the rocks and foliage, furnished with skins and a few Indian utensils for cooking, which was so concealed that I had not come upon it before, notwithstanding my frequent visits there. He had learned more English words than when I first met him, and so we were able to carry on a more free conversation.

I learned that he belonged to a small party of friendly Mohegan Indians who were encamped not far from Norwalk, and of whom I had before heard in connection with their helpfulness during King Philip's War. I afterwards learned that the main tribe was on the banks of the Thames River, between Norwich and New London.

We had, as Mr. Dickinson would have called it, a "love feast" and another kind of feast of fried fish and venison most agreeable to a boy's hungry stomach; and not least was a cool drink of water from a tiny spring which came from the crevices of the rocks, and which I had not previously known was to be found there.

I could not linger longer, so took leave of Winnake and left my enchanted island—as I called it—with regret.

On arriving home and telling father about Winnake, he said in his slow deliberate manner, "I advise you to have little to do with the sav-

ages; though they prove to be faithful and sometimes very useful, still they are heathen even at their best."

The next day while at Mr. Dickinson's I confided to him my interest in Winnake, and told him of the incident of our meeting.

He was very much interested. "I do not wholly agree with your father," he commented; "for I know of several Indian friendships which are very useful and touching. One of them who lived in Norwalk helped the apostle Elliot to translate the Commandments into the Indian dialect."

I met Winnake several times after this at the island rendezvous; but later he disappeared and I did not see him again for months. Then it was under conditions which were to test his professions of friendliness.

CHAPTER III

THREATENING EVENTS

I HAD been three years under the instruction of Mr. Dickinson, and was sixteen years of age, and in mental and physical stature a man. My master had often praised me for quickness of comprehension and a tenacious memory. Father, however, did not look with entire favor upon my student life and mental acquisitions, lest they should tend to laziness and vanity.

It is true that I preferred the library of Mr. Dickinson to hoeing and digging; and interesting books of travel and adventure, to reading the Bible. But I could chop and dig with vigor, did not shirk work, and could hold my own with grown men.

My master being told of my father's remarks only smiled benevolently and said: "Your father, like many men of his kind, thinks that mental labor is laziness. They do not realize that it may be harder than mere physical drudgery."

At the time in which I write there was much

unrest in the colonies. This was especially true in New England. The arrogant tone of the British Parliament and King, month by month stirred up the angry disapproval of the people by the infringement of their rights. Thoughtful men in all the colonies were largely agreed that their continuance would result in open rebellion. The Stamp Act, which was passed by Parliament, assumed the right to tax the colonies; but was strongly resented as an infringement of privileges conferred by the English constitution. The people claimed that by resistance to these acts they were upholding the Englishman's right to a voice in taxation; and "taxation without representation" was the direct cause of the Revolution.

My master was a keen observer of events and an ardent advocate of colonial rights. He saw the inevitable tendencies of British assumptions; and though he professed to be loyal to the King, he denied his right to tax the American dependencies. This feeling of resistance was constantly increasing in bitterness among all the people from Massachusetts to Georgia.

Public sentiment among us and in other colonies was such that every act of resistance against British authority, if not openly applauded, was tacitly agreed with. When the tidings of the destruction of cargoes of tea by citi-

zens of Boston came to us, it was generally commended in our town, as well as throughout the country.

Nevertheless there were many who favored the Crown. Reverend Mr. Leaming, of the English Church, and some of his people, took sides with the Parliament and prayed and preached against the wickedness of resisting the King and his government.

Later, much was made of the so-called Boston massacre, in which several citizens were killed in a street brawl by British soldiers. When the news of this affair reached us, it added to the bitter resentment felt by our people. There could hardly be a gathering of any kind in Norwalk, at that time, when these things were not angrily discussed.

Among my duties to Mr. Dickinson was the carrying of notices and messages. Vehicles had but lately been introduced in our colony, and my master on account of age and growing infirmities now used a chaise when making his parochial visits. The saddle horse which he had formerly used was put to my use in doing errands, and it is needless to say I enjoyed the riding as most boys would under similar conditions, and often rode by the most circuitous routes in conveying messages.

"John," said Mr. Dickinson one afternoon,

"saddle Betty, and ride to Mr. Arnold's tavern with a message for me."

On arriving at the inn I was told that Mr. Arnold was out, but would soon return. Jean Jauhaux, a little Frenchman, who was Mr. Arnold's man of all work, was waiting on customers in the public room.

As I waited there for Mr. Arnold to return, a young British officer alighted from his horse and came in swinging a small riding whip.

I had been taught to regard the wearing of fine dress as unmanly; but secretly admired not only the officer's brilliant uniform and equipments, but graceful carriage and ease of manner. Then my attention was turned to other interesting arrivals, and like most boys I watched curiously their speech and actions. I was growing impatient with waiting when my notice was again drawn to the young officer, by his sharp and angry words. He was addressing a placid and dignified gentleman who had but lately come to the public room.

"You who utter such disloyal sentiments," he cried, "are traitors and rebels against the King."

To this outburst the citizen replied calmly: "The sentiment that taxation without representation is tyranny is an English sentiment, older than King George, and more loyal to English principles than those who oppose them." And

then, courteously excusing himself he retired with other gentlemen of his party from the room.

But the young officer was angry and continued to exclaim against such opinions, after the other had gone.

"Men who talk like that," he declaimed, "will, if they continue it, have to deal with sword and cannon!"

"By gar!" exclaimed the little Frenchman, Jean, "You tries that and you gets a"—with a motion of his hand indicating a blow.

"Yes!" I saucily cried. "You will find that two can play at that game!"

The enraged officer turned upon me and crying, "You young rebel cur!" struck me a sharp blow with his whip.

He was about to repeat the blow when I caught the descending whip, and by a quick motion wrested it from his grasp.

The officer made a motion to his sword, and had half drawn it from its scabbard, when Mr. Arnold, who had just come in, stepped between us saying, "Stop this, I allow no brawls in my house!"

Jean pushed me into his kitchen where a black slave was at work, and looking me over from head to foot with approval, and feeling of my arms and wrists, said as though thinking aloud: "By gar!—you fine! Goot arms, goot legs and back,

and quick as ze—what you call heem—dunderbolt! You makes a swordsman!"

He was interrupted by Mr. Arnold to whom I then delivered my message. He bade me thank my master and then said, "Young man, mind the slack of your jaw, or some of these days you will get a broken head."

I was about to leave not a little humiliated, when Jean once more accosted me with two sword-like, glistening instruments in his hands, which he told me were for fencing. He wanted to begin teaching me then and there.

"Jean," said Mr. Arnold gruffly, "is an old French soldier and fencing master. He is crazy to show some one else how to use them toad-stickers."

"Ah!" cried Jean. "He do good at it; he so quick as ze lightning!"

In reply to Jean's offer, I said that I could give no answer about learning to fence, without first consulting my father and Mr. Dickinson; and though I would like it, I did not think that either would consent.

When I returned to Mr. Dickinson's study and told him about my encounter with the British officer, and then about Jean's offer he reproved me by saying, "You were in the wrong, John, and deserved the punishment he threatened. It is a breach of good manners for any one to in-

trude his remarks into conversation of older people when not personally addressed."

When, however, I had told him of Jean's offer to teach me sword exercise, he surprised me by replying emphatically, "I advise you to accept. It is a gentlemanly acquirement and a chance that you may never have again. There is no practice that so disciplines the arm and eye, or that gives a finer personal carriage."

"But my father would not agree to it," I said; "he thinks such things vain and wickedly useless!"

"I will talk to your father," he replied. "We are on the very threshold of a war. In the present irritable state of the public, every unjust assertion of the British government creates anger and alarm, and must inevitably lead to resistance. Every patriot must learn the use of arms. I know Jauhaux," he continued, "is an old French soldier and, though he does menial duty now, he is a gentleman, and you can learn many things from him that will be of use to you."

"Jesus tells us," I said slyly, "and the Quakers teach it too, that we must not resist evil."

"John!" he said sharply, "you are too fond of making flippant remarks. The Master's words were not meant to be of general application. We must resist tyranny or there will be no liberty."

Through my master's influence I gained my father's consent to taking sword lessons from Jean Jauhaux; for though father was prejudiced against "vain and ungodly things," his own father's experience in King Philip's War had taught him the necessity of discipline and a knowledge of weapons.

So I began my lessons, at first with indifferent interest; but before long grew to love the practice and could not get enough of it. I had to my advantage a natural quickness of eye and steadiness of nerve, and was seldom taken off my guard. After a year's time—though my practice was by no means regular—it required all the skill of my teacher to defeat me.

In summer time we often practiced out of doors in the level back-yard, and sometimes had an assembly of curious lookers-on. At one of these times I noticed a new face among them. It was that of a girl about fifteen years of age. She was slender and graceful, with eyes set under a broad, fair forehead, grave and unsmiling, a chin more prominent than beauty demanded, a perfect mouth curved like a bow, and hair of bronze framing a face which had a touch of haughtiness and reserve, yet sweet and womanly. I learned later that she was Emily Hoyt, the daughter of a well-known citizen.

Though unknown then to me, I turned after

a particularly spirited set-to, and presumptuously saluted her with my foil, as if to ask, "How do you like it?"

For reply to my salute she shrugged her shoulder and turned her back. It was a well deserved snub that taught me a lesson. I began then to recognize that with bare feet and ill-fitting garments, I did not make an interesting appearance even though I might be a skilled swordsman; and was thereafter more careful about my personal attire.

CHAPTER IV

PATRIOTS AND TORIES

AT seventeen, my master deemed me fitted to enter Yale College. I was fairly well read in history, and was considered unusually good in higher mathematics. I had read Cicero and Cæsar's Commentaries. Of the latter I was especially fond, as it told of war and action, while Cicero reminded me of the long sermons, for which I had not overcome my dislike. While my master desired me to have the benefit of the higher education, he agreed with father that the times were too troublesome to make a start.

At that time everything wore a portentous aspect. The people were becoming daily more excited, and the English officials were correspondingly irritated and alarmed.

The British House of Commons had been dissolved, and on opening a new Parliament the King's speech related chiefly to the insubordination in the Colonies, and concluded by expressing his determination to maintain his authority

over them. Every attempt at reconciliation was spurned and every petition of the colonies rejected.

The sentiments of our people were such, meanwhile, that without the abandonment of British claims perhaps no human prudence could have long prevented an open outbreak.

Our town was torn by two hostile factions—Tory agreement with British claims, and patriot resentment against their tyranny. Reverend Mr. Leaming preached and prayed obedience to the King, and led in the sentiment that the King could do no wrong. He even proclaimed from his pulpit that obedience to the King and Parliament were obedience to God.

Though Mr. Dickinson was now too old and feeble to preach, it was well known that he agreed with the opposite sentiment that, "resistance to tyranny was obedience to God."

The Tory element was, however, from the first but small. It was composed of those who really believed in the divine right of the King to govern, and the duty of the people to obey without question; and another class who sought office or were trying to secure an advantage by being—as they believed—on the winning side. The Tories held secret meetings and used their influence to gain adherents to the royal cause, using their social prestige to that end. I among others felt the

sinister influences that were trying to sway public sentiment in our village.

Since my first encounter with the disdainful Miss Hoyt I had improved my dress by a new suit with knee-buckles and other adornments, and was in my own opinion well-dressed if not a beau. Thanks to my two masters—the one spiritual and the other martial—I had grown out of the awkward age and had a fair presence in social gatherings. I found that men much older than I listened to my opinions. But I was still somewhat bashful. I was invited to visit people of social grade perhaps above that of my family, who made no pretense to worldly vanities.

On one such occasion I accepted an invitation to an evening at Mr. Leaming's. I am now convinced that he invited me only to win me over to the Royalist side. Most of the little group I knew, and all of them were Tories.

There was one young woman, however, whom I knew only by sight—and as I saw her again my blood surged to my temples. Emily Hoyt, for it was she, had been away from home at school, and I could not flatter myself that she would remember me. On second thought I hoped she had not recalled the gawky youth who had saluted her without an introduction.

If she did recall the incident she gave no sign. Now she curtsied gracefully as I was presented,

and we were presently chatting like old friends. I was amazed to hear my own voice telling her of my favorite books and studies, for I was commonly diffident with girls. When my sister Mary had guests I usually beat a retreat. Emily, however, had a quiet way of putting one at his ease; nor did she display the hauteur I had witnessed at our first meeting.

We carefully avoided talking politics—as did others during the first part of the evening.

Mr. Leaming was especially cordial to me and referred in gracious words to my scholarly reputation. His son Robert and I were acquainted, but were not on good terms with each other; we seemed to rub each other the wrong way—and tonight was no exception. When refreshments were served I found myself—possibly by accident—opposite Robert and by the side of Miss Hoyt at the table. Young Leaming was disagreeable; I could not speak to Emily Hoyt or she to me, without an angry look from him. He seemed to regard the girl as his special charge. Two or three times he cut into our conversation and tried to direct it into his own channels.

The table talk was on general subjects, but gradually drifted to colonial policies. I checked my inclination to take a part in this conversation, for I was the guest of a Tory and felt that I could not express my sentiments there, though

Robert Leaming's Tory sentiments angered me.

Some light wine being served, the host with charming reference to those present, raised his glass saying: "Here's to our guests; may we often meet again."

I raised my glass and touched Miss Hoyt's lightly, but did not taste—for I did not drink wines—and applauded the toast with the other guests.

Bob's insulting reference to rebels during the evening had annoyed me, as he doubtless intended that it should. But I had kept silent because I was a guest. I had learned a lot since that day in Mr. Arnold's tavern. But the young man seemed determined to draw my fire.

His face was flushed as he rose and with his glass held above his head exclaimed, "Here is a toast that all must drink: To our King; confusion to his enemies and obedience to his rule!"

I found myself seated, while the rest of the company were standing and drinking.

"Why don't you rise with the others?" asked Bob angrily. "Is not our gracious King good enough for you?"

Miss Hoyt leaned over and said softly: "After all, he is our King; you do not commit yourself to agreeing with his acts by rising."

"I do not like the sentiment," I replied obstinately, "and am no hypocrite."

The incident was not pressed farther, and as the party was breaking up, Mr. Leaming came to me and said: "I am sorry that you have been annoyed by Robert's rudeness. I do not want any guest in my house to be offended. But why can't you join us in honoring your king?"

"I can not agree with such sentiments," I replied; "I am a patriot, and will not change my opinions to suit my company. Nevertheless, I must apologize on my part to you, if I seemed rude."

We shook hands at this, and I cannot help but think that he respected me the more for sticking by my colors. But on my way home I wondered if I hadn't seemed boorish in Miss Hoyt's eyes.

Meanwhile, events were moving faster than any of us realized for an open revolt on the part of the colonies. Rumors of all kinds—perhaps purposely circulated—inflamed the people. Massachusetts where the first outbreaks occurred received assurance from sister colonies, that if armed attempts should be made to compel them to surrender their rights, several thousand men were ready to march to their assistance.

In all this the large majority of our citizens were in agreement. General Putnam advised the beginning of military training throughout Connecticut, and six thousand men were voted by

its General Assembly for the defence of its rights. Training camps were established in the towns and villages, and instruction in military art was pursued with an enthusiasm that put to shame present-day military musters.

In our town, in order not to be behind in acts of sympathy and help with Boston, a meeting was held to receive donations for those impoverished by shutting out trade from Boston harbor. At the same meeting, a committee of inspection was appointed to ascertain what arms were available. A company of Minute Men was organized, which I joined for instruction, and was later made a sergeant.

Our headquarters was at the Town House and the drilling ground was on the lower level land. Every other day, but Sunday, several hours were devoted to drill. Unaccustomed to military discipline, I with other young men fretted not a little at its restrictions, and regarded much that was taught by Eliphalet Lockwood, the drill-master, as needlessly fussy and unnecessary, as no doubt young soldiers have regarded drill from the time when soldiering first began. Study and thought, however, soon convinced me of its necessity; but not so with most of my mates.

"I think," complained Bill Saunders, when permission to leave the ranks during drill was

denied him, "that we are under worse rule than British tyranny."

"If every one left the ranks when he chose," retorted drill-master Lockwood, "there would be no one here to drill."

"Well," growled Bill, "wouldn't it be a good idea to put it to vote?"

"Suppose the British were on us, and we should stop to vote?"

There was a general laugh at this, for it exposed the absurdity of Bill's remarks.

"Well," he persisted, "isn't it nonsense to tell us to 'cock your firelock,' or 'look to your priming,' just as though we didn't know how to fire a gun?"

This was the same spirit which Washington and his aides found so hard to overcome all through the War. The men were willing to fight —but they wanted to fight their own way!

Early in the spring of 1775 it was known that an army of Continentals was gathering near Boston, and a clash with British troops was imminent. How these rumors came and by whom they were circulated I do not know, but they were generally accepted as true. In troublesome times there are unexplained and almost magical ways of communication.

I was tired of drilling and impatient to take

part in a battle for American rights. Mr. Dickinson and my father were both in sympathy with my desire to get to Boston. Father had recently received a letter from a Norwich cousin telling him of a company formed there, which was getting ready to march whenever tidings should tell of their need. So I bluntly told our drill-master, one day, that I was going over there.

I had interviewed my friend Captain Mallory who had arrived at the landing, and he agreed to take me as far as New London. He was to sail on the following Monday, three days from the time when I had reached a decision.

I had not seen Mr. Dickinson for several weeks, as I was occupied in drill, when not hard at work for father, in spring plowing and other farm work. I was therefore surprised to see how feeble he had grown. His trembling hands and unsteady groping step, his venerable locks, all revealed his failing strength, as he greeted me with extended hand.

"What is it, my boy?" he questioned, and his eye grew brighter as he greeted me.

"I am going to Boston, and have come to say good-bye," I replied. "I am going to Norwich first and don't know how I shall get the rest of the way; but I am going!"

"That's the spirit, Jack," he said. "We must make quick decisions in these fateful times."

"How will it all end?" I interrogated. "I have heard you say that Britain is the greatest power on earth. How can we contend against her with success?"

"England," he replied, "is only great when she is right. Many of her public men and citizens are in sympathy with us and see that the principles for which we contend concern them no less than ourselves. Our strength is in the righteousness of our cause." And then with a far-off look he slowly added: "Independence and liberty—a nation of freemen!"

Arousing himself from this prophetic mood and placing his trembling hands around me, he gave me his parting blessing. "God bless you John: If He is for us, who shall prevail against us!"

Then I took leave of mother and sister, and father accompanied me to the road. I can see him now as I write: mouth straight and severe, eyes calm, with dogged decision in every line of his face; his large frame and something of distinction in the head and tall, stooping shoulders, —all proclaimed the man. And yet there was looking out from all these set lines an expression of kindliness and a gleam of humor.

"Don't forget your duty to God and your country, John. Never forget that Providence will remember you in all you do."

"I am sometimes afraid," I replied flippantly, "that it will."

"Jack!" sternly reproved father, "Solomon said, 'spare the rod and spoil the child' and at times I fear that I have not been faithful to you."

"Don't let your conscience trouble you about that, father; I feel more than satisfied."

A smile slowly broke over his rugged face, as he hesitated as though inclined to reprove. Then with hands on my head he said reverently: "On the whole, John, you have been a good son. May God bless you and keep you in His holy care"—then went up the lane to the house without looking back again.

When I turned away with my heavy pack upon my shoulders, all at once, in spite of my facetiousness with father, my heart seemed heavier than my pack.

I called on my way to see Jean Jauhaux and Mr. Arnold.

"Just one leetle bout!" pleaded Jean as he brought out the foils. I yielded to his pleadings —though I had but little time—and we took our positions and saluted, for Jean exacted these formalities at every lesson.

"Do your best," he commanded; "I like to see you goot as I think: On guard!" So at it we went with parry and thrust, a clash of steel and the sparks flying from contact with metal.

I touched him twice to his once; for my reach was longer and action quicker, if not so skilful as his. At last by a subtle movement of fingers and wrist that he had taught me, by a vigorous parade, his foil went flying into the near-by gooseberry bushes. For the first time in all my practice I had disarmed him.

For a moment he stood as though angry and surprised; then throwing up both hands, he cried: "By gar! you beats your teacher! You quick as ze lightnin'. Mon Dieu! You—what you call heem—*great!*" Then he threw his arms around me and kissed me on either cheek!

Turning quickly he plunged into the inn and reappeared with a package wrapped in many papers which, unrolled, displayed a sword. It was —so its inscription informed—"presented to him by his affectionate pupils" in France.

"I give it you," he said.

"I am going away," I excused, "and have no place to keep so beautiful a present"; for I felt that I must not accept so precious a weapon even from Jean Jauhaux.

"It is yours!" he insisted. "You are ze finest swordsman in—in Norwalk!"

We both laughed at this, and I heard another ripple of laughter which made me turn quickly.

While our foils had been clashing back and forth, a few idle spectators had drawn near, as always; for the fame of our fencing bouts was general in the village. But we had been so engrossed that we paid no heed to the onlookers. Once I heard the sound of wheels as a light chaise drew near, but had paid no further heed.

Now I turned, as this beautiful sword was presented to me, and was amazed to see the smiling eyes of Emily Hoyt. She had quietly driven up with Bob Leaming, and I was thrilled to see what I fancied to be a look of approval in her face; although Bob was black as a thundercloud.

Taking the beautiful sword, I saluted the laughing girl, just as I had done on a former occasion.

"Miss Hoyt," I said, surprised at my own boldness, "may I give you the first salute, with this handsome sword?"

"You may, if you do not think your country needs it more," she replied banteringly.

"Come, let us drive on," growled Bob. "This is child's play. Wait till you see the English officers fence!"

He was about to give his horse the reins, when the girl restrained him by a touch. On my part I gave no heed to his ill humor.

"My country will probably need my sword

—and soon," I answered her gravely. "In fact, I am going away today—"

She turned suddenly and looked at me. "To the service?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered resolutely; "the service of my country—and yours."

"Service of treason!" sneered Leaming.

Another inspiration came to me, and still unmindful of Bob, I bowed low to her and presented my sword, with hilt toward her.

"Miss Hoyt," I asked, "will you do me a personal favor? I am going away into troublous times. Will you keep this sword for me against my return?"

"The sword of a rebel?" threatened Bob.

Emily turned on him like a flash. "I am the best judge of whether he is rebel—or—or patriot," she countered. Then to me: "Yes, I shall be glad—honored to keep your sword for you—Jack," she said.

CHAPTER V

LEAVING HOME

BEFORE leaving home I had thought myself tired of it, and wanted to see the world. When, however, the shores of Norwalk faded from my view in the hazy distance, the realization came that I was leaving all that was dear to me, and with a feeling of foreboding I wondered if I should ever see the dear faces of home, and its scenes again. Such are the contradictory sentiments of youth, that I would have willingly changed from ship to shore.

A fair wind, and a favoring breeze, which threatened to become a storm, carried our little craft quickly on her way. But once out on open water I began to have sensations I had never felt in my boat. What was the matter with me? There was an agitation of my stomach, which sent a dizziness to my head, which again reacted on my stomach, until the thought of food was nauseating; a distaste not only for food, but almost for life itself. I was dreadfully seasick!

The next morning found me still sick in New London harbor, close to the blessed land, and al-

most under the protecting shadows of Groton Heights. Not stopping for breakfast—for which there was no appetite—I bade Captain Mallory and his unstable craft good-bye, and scrambled to the beloved land which rocked and heaved, almost, so it seemed to me, as badly as the seas of Long Island Sound.

"Good luck, and good-bye to you!" called out the Captain, adding, "We shall be here a couple of days loading salt fish, and if you want to go home, meanwhile, I'll give you free passage."

I thanked him for this generous offer, but mentally resolved that I would walk first.

Leaving the wide square near the wharf and entering the river road I summoned a council of my wits, as to means for a campaign. I had in money two pounds and six shillings; was still uncertain about my health; but the beloved land under my feet renewed confidence in myself, and I started out with more zest, when a young fellow seated on a stump by the side of the road hailed me.

"Where be you goin'?"

"Going to Norwich," I replied.

"I'm goin' there myself," he said; "an' if it's just the same to you, I'll go along with you." And without further ado he joined me.

He was lean, long, and angular in face and person. For luggage he had a handkerchief bun-

dle on the end of a long stick thrown over his bony but sinewy shoulder. He looked as if he could stand—and had stood—hard wear; as I afterwards learned to be true.

"Wall," he said with a nasal drawl, "it's a darned muddy road—'bout as deep as 'tis broad. That's a big hump of a pack you've got." Then after another quick survey of me, he added: "Guess you can weather it with them shoulders and legs."

I was not much inclined to chum in with him on so short an acquaintance; but he talked about his affairs and folks as though he had known me a lifetime.

"I live," he said, "in Lyme; tired of the old place—nothin' goin' on thar, 'cept fishin' and diggin'. I am fer Norwich—got an aunt thar, an' thar's somethin' doin' fer Job Tucker—that's my name—an' thar's plenty of doin's, an' money for your work."

As we plodded on I began to grow desperately hungry and regretted I had eaten no breakfast; and told Job so. He produced from his jacket pocket four big slices of bread and butter, and we sat down and ate them—I three slices, and he one. And I thought it generous in him to allow it. But it certainly tasted good, and my heart began to warm up to Job.

About noon we came in sight of some wig-

wams and cabins. "Lot's of Injuns thar," said Job, with a motion of his head.

"Let's see if we can get something to eat," I suggested.

"Sho!" ejaculated Job, "we don't want to eat with them nasty Mohegans."

"I have two friends that are Mohegans and they are as neat as anybody. I haven't seen them for a good while; perhaps they are there now."

So we stopped to inquire about Winnake and his father. None of the Indians knew where they were, though all knew them. But they were friendly and one of them offered to show us a trail to shorten our way to Norwich. We were glad to accept.

On resuming our walk, Job offered to "spell" me in carrying my pack, and I was too tired and lame to object. So we went on our way for a while with our burdens exchanged, he carrying my pack and I his bundle and stick, and my musket.

We moved through the balm-scented woods by an Indian trail thus avoiding the distance "up and down in the mud," as Job said, "if not horizontally. A canoe trip across a broad cove and another Indian trail still further shortened the distance and brought us to the Chelsea Landing at Norwich, about four o'clock that afternoon. Here I engaged supper and lodging at the home

of Job's aunt, and, refreshed by a good wash, felt like my old self again.

I was early to bed and early up next morning. I brushed and smoothed out my best suit, dressed, and then started to deliver my letters of introduction; one from mother to her cousin Josiah Fitch, and another to Colonel Huntington, the most influential person of the town.

"I was hoping," I explained to Colonel Huntington, "that I might be of assistance in case of war, and have come at the advice of Mr. Dickinson to offer myself as a soldier."

"We are hurrying preparations," he answered after greeting me, "for a possible alarm, and our enthusiastic young men are already equipped to answer the call at the first musket shot. They can't be kept back. Have you had any training?"

I told him what I had done, and he nodded his head without comment. I was much impressed with the Colonel. His manner, simple and without pretense, showed how a great man may condescend without loss of dignity or inviting familiarity.

"There are some of our young men, whom I would like you to meet," he finally remarked, and invited me to dinner the next day for that purpose.

My cousin, Josiah Fitch, seemed older than I

had expected. He was about fifty, and as full of good nature as he was of years.

"Where's your luggage?" he inquired, and being told, sent his man to bring it to the house; adding, "You must make my house your home while in Norwich."

When I told him of the purpose of my visit he was delighted. "I am getting a nation old," he explained, "but feel like taking down my old shot-gun and starting for Boston myself."

"That's the way I feel," I said. "I am told that Captain Israel Putnam is training a big company at Pomfret and expects to lead them, if there is a fight."

"Oh yes," he replied, but with something in his voice and manner which reflected a lack of my own enthusiasm for that old soldier. "Old Put means well, and is impetuous as a boy and as reckless as a pirate! But we need cool heads in these times."

The dinner at Colonel Huntington's was, for me, a great occasion. The party consisted of my host, his wife, an attractive niece, and the three young men I had been invited to meet. The display of silver and glass on the broad mahogany dining-table, the glittering brass andirons and candlesticks, and the changing brilliancy of the iridescent chandelier; the stately room with its polished panels and furniture—all

greatly impressed me, as did the company. Inwardly I blessed my education and soldierly training, which had left me not too much of a gawk.

The next day there was a parade and evolutions of the "trained band" at the Chelsea Parade grounds, at which I was a guest. That evening I again met the three young men of the Colonel's party, and we arranged another social meeting. One of these was Captain Nathan Bishop, another George Farnsworth, and the third William Lothrop, and all three later distinguished themselves in the service. I enjoyed their society, for they were above the average I had met, in both education and breeding. But before our friendship progressed far there occurred events which prevented formal meeting, but which drew us together in closer ties than mere social ones.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of April there arrived at the parade ground, where the company in which I had enlisted was training, a horseman excitedly waving a paper, his steed covered with dust and flecked with foam. He had ridden hard all day bearing the news of the fighting at Concord and Lexington. The first blow had been struck!

As early as noon, on the preceding day while

the fighting was in progress, an alarm had been immediately spread in every direction, so that on the day following it had reached Windham at noon and Norwich a few hours later. The speed with which tidings of this fight was conveyed "by horse express" will be seen, when I state that it was received at Baltimore on the 27th. All persons were desired to furnish Israel Bessell, the messenger, with fresh horses without delay.

There was suppressed excitement on the parade ground, and unusual silence for a moment —the silence of men whose souls were deeply stirred—then a gathering around the horseman of men breaking ranks without leave—all eager for further details. As he rode away, the Colonel's clear voice bade us fall in again, and commandingly called out:

"Men are needed at Cambridge! The time for talk is past; men are wanted to fight! Who of you are ready to march?"

"I'll go," I said, stepping forward.

"So will I," said Captain Bishop, stepping by my side.

"I am ready," said another and another.

And the young men that I had met came forward followed by scores of others; some of them farmer boys and others merchants and clerks.

I can see their faces as I write,—some fired with enthusiasm, others grave and grim with purpose, and a few good-humoredly thoughtless.

Then the pent-up excitement found vent. There were cheers, hand-shaking, congratulations, agitation and clamor impossible to mirror on printed page.

My little group of friends got together to discuss ways and means of reaching Cambridge, where, we were informed, volunteers were to report for duty. Before sundown that night we had matured our plans, and a horse and cart was furnished us by a patriotic citizen to carry our packs and provisions. We were ready for march early on the following morning. The good people of Norwich thronged about us with offers of assistance, and with messages of encouragement. Disdaining offers to entertain us until morning, we made preparations to sleep in a barn a mile on our way, and just out of town.

The next day we had started on our march, when Job Tucker, with his handkerchief bundle swung jauntily over his shoulder, joined us saying: "If you fellers have no objections, guess I will jine yuh!"

So away we went to the War.

CHAPTER VI

CAMBRIDGE GREEN

IT is one thing to start and another to arrive. Owing to rain and muddy roads we did not reach Cambridge until nearly two weeks after beginning our march.

Losing our way several times we had to retrace our steps, which was tiring and vexatious. But we lived well on the march; for Job Tucker installed himself as our purveyor and cook, and we had only to hint what we wanted, and supply him with a modest amount of money, when chickens, eggs, milk and other luxuries appeared like magic on our bill of fare.

On our first day's march we found that we had neglected to provide means to start a fire. But after Job had let us worry sufficiently to appreciate his forethought, he brought out from his capacious jacket pocket a tinder-box and a good supply of sulphur matches. After that the boys accepted the lanky countryman as their guardian angel.

We reached Pomfret three days after leaving Norwich. The people we met there had much to

say about "Old Put," as they called Captain Israel Putnam.

"You had ought to have seen him starting off," commented one of his neighbors. "You see that field over there only half plowed? Wall, there is where he was working when the news 'bout the fighting come from Massachusetts. He unhitched the horses, got a saddle for one, filled his saddle-bags, and started off as though a gale of wind had struck him; and some of our neighbor boys trailed along after him. He ain't any better farmer than the rest of us; but when it comes to fightin', I guess he's king bee."

Arriving at Cambridge in the afternoon of May 5, we reported at once to General Ward's headquarters, and were assigned to duty under General Putnam, as he was then ranked, who in turn, the next day, designated our regiment.

We had brought a small tent with us from Norwich; a wise foresight, for tents were not plentiful among the troops encamped on Cambridge Green. Some of them had pinned blankets and others bed-quilts together with wooden pegs or pins, and found them a not uncomfortable substitute for canvas, at least better than linen bed-sheets which were used for shelters in some cases. Our little tent was pitched under a big elm, and in line with others of the regiment to which we were assigned.

We found several thousand men in camp, and never having seen so many men together before, it seemed to me a big army. Rations were plentiful and with Job for cook we lived, as he said, "like turkeys in grasshopper time."

We drilled with our company the next day and, as my friend Bishop said, we "got a nation lot of military kinks that we hadn't known about before." Our Captain found it difficult to get his company together all at one time, they straggling into line much as they pleased. Some came a quarter of an hour after drill began, and others not at all.

Under the conditions in which this army was formed it was impossible to enforce discipline. Sometimes fifty men reported for drill, and again less than twenty. Captain Farnsworth shouted himself hoarse with small results, since the volunteers saw little use in so much fuss. They came to fight, they said, not to drill.

Job was one of the delinquents. When we reproved him for not presenting himself for drill, he would answer, "I had to stir around to get you something to eat; do you want to go hungry?" His excuse was potent; for whatever his faults, he always found good provender for our hungry bellies.

The scenes on Cambridge Green were busy ones. New companies of men and smaller

groups were constantly arriving; some with fife and drums, and other with only a drum or no music at all. At the evening parade the New Hampshire men made a fine appearance, as did also a regiment of Massachusetts under command of Colonel Prescott. Some of these men were clerks and merchants, others farmer boys. All looked rugged and manly. One article, a uniform, was lacking to all. The homespun trousers and hunting jackets seemed in best accord. The one fault, however, was that there was not sufficient real authority vested in any one to enforce discipline; hence the attempt to make those freedom-loving men of a rebel army into a military machine was largely a failure.

But there was one thing in which they excelled. They could shoot. There were few men among them who could not shoot a turkey's head off with scarcely trying; and in this was the strength and effectiveness of that volunteer army in battle. Captain Bishop, who was soon given duties in accord with his rank, told me that many of the New Hampshire men could hit the bull's-eye of a target without seeming to take aim, and he was thought a poor marksman who could not shoot a squirrel through the head so as not to mutilate its body.

"Old Put" drilled his men—or rather as many as he could get together—faithfully, and it was

generally conceded it was no fault of his that his regiments were not in fine shape. He was a great favorite with his men; and possibly if he had exacted too strict discipline some of them would have left for home. General Artemus Ward was thought to be too old and fussy. On the whole, though not very showy, we were in as good shape as could reasonably be expected.

About a week after reaching Cambridge I got a surprise. If I could believe my senses, I saw Bob Leaming riding through one of the by-streets near our encampment.

"Hullo, Leaming!" I cried. "Stop a minute!" But he did not turn his head.

I ran after him, but he glanced back, spurred up his horse and was off.

Much excited I hurriedly reported to Captain Farnsworth my belief that there was a spy in camp. He sent out a man with me to search the neighborhood, but no Bob was found. When I reported our lack of success and suggested that the houses be searched, Captain Farnsworth listened, but intimated that he thought me mistaken. "We hear about spies being in camp, every day or two," he said; and so the matter ended.

About June the 16th, the hurrying of mounted officers and orderlies, inspections and orders to see that our muskets were clean, the melting of bullets and refilling of powder horns, together

with many rumors, foretold a speedy movement of our army.

At four o'clock of that day the drums beat and the shrill fife called us together on the Green. All were too curious to learn what was to happen to neglect answering the call. Every man with his musket over his shoulder, his powder horn by his side and his bullets in jacket pocket, formed on Cambridge Green. A slight breeze whispered among the tree tops; there was an air of solemnity in the very atmosphere, and a nervous expectancy pervaded the ranks. Even Job Tucker ceased to talk. The men silently waited. There was Old Put on his gray horse, and his admiring men from the farms of Connecticut; Colonel Gridley with his engineers with spades and picks and shovels; Colonel Prescott, with his sturdy men from Pepperill.

It was sundown when the command of "Attention!" came in clear ringing tones from Colonel Prescott. Amid a reverential stillness our minister invoked the favor of Almighty God upon us and our cause. Then after a benediction we began our fateful march.

The semi-darkness of midsummer had begun to fall as we silently passed through the streets of doomed Charlestown and, crossing Boston neck, halted while a detachment with guns rumbled into line. Then moving forward again

we climbed a bit of rising ground known as Breed's Hill, and about to become famous in history for all time. Bunker Hill was on our right, dimly seen in the early twilight. In front was Charlestown and Charles River, with here and there the glimmer of lights on boats and vessels on the stream. On the left was the Mystic River, and the dimly-seen lights of shadow-like Boston.

An entrenchment was laid out by Colonel Gridley. We stacked arms, and began with pick and shovel the task of throwing up a breast-work. It was labor to which we were accustomed, and we were masters of our tools.

"Say," said Job Tucker, "if this was the hull of fighting, we could beat the Britishers at it to death!"

The men took turns with each other watching for the possible approach of boats on the river, some resting while others worked. It was toilsome and sweaty work and created thirst with the workers. Our supply of water was soon exhausted, and also food. We were told that new supplies were expected, but none came.

A wide, deep trench, the soil thrown out in front, soon formed with an embankment of yellow earth in front and at the ends. All was still, except muffled tones, the fall of earth clods, or the accidental clash of spades or picks. We

could hear with startling distinctness the hourly cry, "All's well!" from the British camps on the opposite side of the river, and on their ships.

"Mebbe they'll think it ain't so well," said the irrepressible Job, "when they see this here mud-hump in the mornin'."

"Wonder what they'll do about it?" remarked another, pausing a moment after heaving over a cobblestone.

"If they come up this hill," said an officer in an undertone, "there is no doubt what *we'll* do—we'll give them a warm reception."

I confess that as affairs reached this climax, my heart was full of sorrow at the thought of fighting to the death with British troops who, after all, were our own countrymen; for we had all been reared to regard ourselves as colonial Englishmen. Up to that time armed rebellion, though talked of, had little entered my thoughts as a reality. We had most of us believed that reform under the crown was possible, and that there was to be no revolt against the King. There was, however, in the air of this new country that which stimulated independence. Possibly it was the "spirit" working in the hearts of Americans leading them on His way to the founding of a great nation.

We toiled vigorously and our work was almost done. Officers came to us with words of encour-

agement. "There is Old Put," I heard one of my comrades say; "he's got that hill over yonder" (Bunker Hill) "with our men."

At dawn we had completed a redoubt six feet or more high, with a fire step to bring our riflemen at proper height for firing position. The work of entrenching was almost done, and we took a look at the supplementary defences. On our left between our fort and Mystic River was a stone wall surmounted by a rail fence, reaching down almost to the water. New-mown hay that, the day before, had lain in windrows in the nearby fields was now woven into the rails and piled against the fence and wall, thus giving a protection five feet high.

As the day began to lighten we saw a bustling movement on the river and in the British camps. They had discovered our fort.

"They have just got their eyes open," said our talkative Job, "and now, by gosh, look out for a fuss!"

That there was a fuss which made the hill and its defenders forever famous in freedom's progress, history will never cease to tell.

CHAPTER VII

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

"LOOK out! they are getting ready to open fire!" exclaimed an officer with a glass. Then, whiz! bang!—a gun from a warship on the river had spoken. Other shots went hurtling over us—a little wide of their mark and hurt no one—though some of us ducked our heads. More shots were fired and I heard some one cry out:

"They have killed some of our men!"

Then came another call: "When are we going to get some water?"

"Gosh," said Job, "I am as dry as a piece of punk!"

"I have been working all night without a drop of water," exclaimed another.

"When do we get breakfast?"

"That's coming: just be patient," we were answered. But it did not come. Hungry, thirsty, and tired from a night of toil we faced the enemy.

One of the shots from the warship struck the embankment near me, and I could see the men

who were still working with pick and shovel hesitate as though about to leave their work: but they went at it again. I heard one of them say: "If I had my choice I wouldn't go back home without getting a lick at them Britishers."

That was the spirit with all our wearied troops.

As a general thing there was but little talk; the men were grimly silent, as men usually are when deadly in earnest.

A few reinforcements reached us just after sunrise, under command of General Stark of New Hampshire. They had crossed Boston Neck under fire from the British ships, and an ineffective rifle fire.

With sunrise we resumed our arms ready for the attack that we knew must soon come. Not only the shots from the ships had given warning, but the beating of drums and hurrying movements in the enemy lines told of preparations for assault. A few cannon shot from our side had made reply ineffectively to their ships.

Our men waited silently. Some counted their bullets and held their powder-horns up to the light to estimate their supply, and looked to their muskets to make sure they were in order.

"Remember, men," warned Colonel Prescott, "powder is precious. Don't waste a grain of it, or a single bullet!"

I thought this strange, for I knew that several

barrels of it had reached Cambridge from Connecticut, only a few days before.

The British now began to show greater activity. Boats were moving busily on the stream, barges were bringing up and landing troops on the river bank and forming in martial array in plain sight of our lines. Still our men gave no sign. I could hear men breathe three files away from me. They crowded to the breastworks eagerly. There was not room for all; so it had been arranged that those in the rear were to attend to loading the muskets and pass them to the front rank.

The day was close and sultry with scarcely a breath of wind for the brave men suffering from thirst and hunger and nervous suspense.

The redcoats fresh from a night's rest and a good breakfast were forming on the river bank; their brilliant uniforms and shining equipments contrasting greatly with the toil-stained homespun garments of our farmer boys. There was no flinching among our silent forces, and though there were pale faces, they were ready for the trial by fire.

As if on parade the army of the enemy formed and came on in magnificent order, with the calm confidence of disciplined veterans.

"Here they come!" was hoarsely whispered by a comrade near me. They were nearing us. I

could hear our men breathe deeply and others grit their teeth.

We could not but admire the foe, as they advanced in orderly array, keeping step, arms flashing like waves tipped with a crest of steel. Only a few undisciplined farmer boys and some clods of earth stood between them and their expected triumph! It was all in the day's work for them—the scattering of a few rebel rioters.

"Hold your fire, men! Look to your firelocks! see to your priming! Wait until you see the whites of their eyes! Aim at their red coats!" came the commands as sharp as the crack of muskets from Colonel Prescott.

The proud array of redcoats came on; it was but child's play to drive out a few militia farmers. We could read the letters on their belt plates, count the buttons on their scarlet coats, see the winking of their eyes.

"Steady men!" came the caution.

Heavens, how I wished the order to fire would come!

"Aim at their officers!" came a mutter, then sharp, deadly and distinct, came the command: "Fire!"

A tongue of ruddy flame burst from the earth wall, an echoing report, a curl of smoke! The brilliant line of men in our front withered and shriveled before our deadly fire, and gave place

to writhing, wounded and disordered men, and to the silent dead! My heart sickened at the sight. These were human beings, obeying orders like ourselves. But even in the surge of horror, I reached back for a fresh musket. I seemed to be two distinct persons.

All along the front from our entrenchments to the river the British dead and wounded lay. It was dreadful—that collapsed column of brave and gallant men. Down the hill the living had retreated, and through the thin veil of blue-white sulphur smoke we saw them forming again near the river.

"Be careful of your powder, men; make every grain count," came the order. "They are going to try it again!"

And they were. We could see their officers gesturing, ordering and pushing the men into place. As they came on they showed their thoroughness of discipline, advancing upon us again with steady steps, over their dead and wounded.

I felt both pity and admiration for the brave fellows, as they came on like relentless fate. Bullets hissed—some of our men were laid low—sharp cries told of wounds. But the faces of our men were grim and set. Again they waited until the British were right upon them: then a steady volley answered and once more their dead and wounded strewed the ground on our front.

I REACHED BACK FOR A FRESH MUSKET

Despite orders, entreaties and angry commands of officers, the remnant staggered back to the river brink.

We were victors in the first clash of arms.

But we were not unscathed. Scores of our dead and wounded were being carried to the rear. Still our confidence was unshaken, instead it was strengthened by that first clash. If our ammunition did not give out we felt sure of victory.

"They're forming for another attack!" hoarsely said a comrade.

"Gol darn 'em!" cried Job; "haven't they got enough of it?"

They were deploying across the entire front of our lines from the fort to Mystic River. It was then that I recognized the power of discipline, as I had never before, except in theory. They advanced in splendid formation as though on dress parade—facing death with unfaltering ranks. We watched them until within a few rods of our earth walls, when the fateful order again came sharply:

"Steady, men! Take good aim! Fire!"

From hill to river burst another deadly blaze, and at its impact the flashing ranks wavered, then staggered rearward, some running, others limping painfully, or stumbling—back to the place from which they had started.

It was awful! Breed's pasture never saw so grim a harvest before! As though to add to the horror of the scene, near-by Charlestown burst into flames, with mourning, crape-like, over-hanging smoke.

But our forces were almost spent. They had labored all night, had fought in the sultry heat lacking drink and food during the shock of battle; worse still, their supply of powder and bullets was running low.

The British gathered for a fourth attack. On they came with murderous bayonets; we had few or none to resist them. A single volley from a few rifles checked them for a moment, then they rushed forward—reached our frail embankment —and were on us with gleaming steel!

They were met with a confused, mob-like resistance; clubbed muskets, and gun-barrels against bayonets and a few rifle shots—for our ammunition had given out.

I did not escape unscathed. A bullet struck me just below my left shoulder, and nothing but my skill in fencing with my gun-barrel, and timely help from Job Tucker, saved me from being made a prisoner.

We could not keep up the unequal fight. Under orders from Colonel Prescott and Doctor Warren, with a protecting fire from Bunker

Hill, we retreated slowly and doggedly. It was then that the brave Warren was killed.

The battle was over. It was a little battle, but it was the entering wedge of separation from the mother country.

We had met with terrible losses—448 killed and wounded. The enemy had paid meanwhile with compound interest; their reports showed that they lost on that fateful day 1,054 officers and men.

The proud British army though it had captured the hill had received a staggering blow. The power of discipline, the energy of officers long trained to command, and veteran soldiers, had barely prevailed over the farmer boys who fought at Breed's Hill on that summer's day.

CHAPTER VIII

A MISSION FOR WASHINGTON

THE battle over, our troops retreated in fairly good order and took position on Prospect Hill and other rising ground to the north of Cambridge.

On account of my wound I was sent to Cambridge, as Job said, "for repairs." Job had also been wounded in his foot, and went along with me.

"Jack," he drawled, "I intend to follow your lead and tag, in whatever you do."

It was a promise that he more faithfully kept than I could have desired, but not without some advantage to me, as was afterwards proved.

I did not consider my wound serious, but an old doctor of Cambridge seemed to differ with me; he talked about inflammation and said that a wound through the body was dangerous. Job declared that the doctor would have amputated me below my shoulders, if he had had his way about it. As it was, without much examination he fished around for the bullet with a cork-screw-like instrument, and with still worse corkscrew

of bad Latin, until I was tempted to punch his offending jaw.

He was still fishing when I said, "What about the hole on the opposite side of the wound, that you have not seen?"—putting my hand behind my ribs as I said it.

Then a common-sense nurse suggested that the bullet he had been fishing for might have found its way out of that hole. And so it proved. The bullet had struck a rib, glanced, and passed around it with comparatively slight injury. When my undershirt was removed to wash the wound, a flattened bullet showed my doctor the offending missile he had been fishing for! That put a stop to his probing and his insatiable desire for talking also.

Job Tucker's wound though less heroic, proved more serious than mine. A bullet had struck the toe of his foot sideways and mutilated not only his best boots—as he bemourned—but two of his toes.

He grumbled in a very amusing way about it. "Gosh all hemlock! why didn't they give me a decent kind of hurt? Darn 'em!" he continued; "they've spoiled my best boots. Now I'll have water runnin' into that ar hole, all the rest of my born days; an' I have to go limpin' around with nothing to show fer it but them two toes. Just like them Britishers, they wan't satisfied with

puttin' a tax on tea, but must go an' put a crimp in them toes!"

Both of us, however, were soon able to be around and sit on the sunny side of the house used as a hospital.

One day in July while we were thus seated, an unusual commotion led me to inquire what occasioned such a stir. I was answered that General Washington, who had been commissioned Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, had arrived at Cambridge to take command. I certainly regretted that I was laid up and couldn't witness the historic scene under the old elm. But it was not long after that, while on a tour of inspection, he visited our quarters. He was accompanied by some of his officers and a negro servant of great brevity and blackness. His tall commanding person, his grave, unhurried, business-like bearing, his methodical manner as he looked from side to side asking questions, showed to even inexperienced me that there was nothing perfunctory in his inspection; that he was there not merely to approve, but to improve.

When he halted opposite to where I was standing at attention, I saw him face to face, for the first time.

"Where are you wounded, Sergeant?" he asked acknowledging my salute.

There was something strangely magnetic, kindly and attractive in his manner, which I have never seen expressed in description or in portrait; but it explained to me afterwards the strong control he exercised over the fierce-willed men of his army. In his face were mirrored patience, calm, impartial decision, a grave inflexibility of will, and sympathy. If ever nature made a man fitted both to command and to conciliate, without yielding weakness, he was here.

It was a short visit, and though he said little, yet in that brief time he had suggested many things essential for our betterment. Windows and doors were opened to the air, curtains adjusted to let in sunlight, and cleanliness ordered, —and then he was gone.

This is but an imperfect picture of the man, vital and human in every line of pose and face, —so difficult to express in words,—the man I came to love and respect almost as a god. As Job expressed it, watching his deliberate departure with open mouth and staring eyes, "Gosh! there's a man!" So all of us felt when in the presence of this calm, self-contained, but all-alive great commander.

In a few weeks after his coming, greater order and discipline resulted. Camps were systematically guarded, regular and orderly routine re-

placed disorder, outposts were strongly sentineled; and in a word, an army was in process of being evolved from a rabble.

At last my wounds were healed; and both Job and I reported for duty. I easily took to my military duties. I was young enough to form new habits, and to outgrow old ones. And I found the friendship of my army friends, Captain Bishop, Lieutenant Farnsworth, and Sergeant Lothrop, very stimulating.

One evening at mess, Bishop beckoned me to one side.

"Jack," he said; "do you want to remain a sergeant; or do you want to do something really big for your country?"

"I want to do my bit, sergeant or no sergeant," I answered.

"That's the spirit!" he agreed slapping me on the back. "I told them at headquarters you were the man."

"What's up?" I asked cautiously.

"General Washington wants a picked man for a special mission," he replied. "Colonel Lee, his aide, told me so today, and I designated you. But it's not too late to back out—"

"Back out? no!" I cut in recklessly. "When do they want me?"

"Tonight. Come on; I'll introduce you to Lee."

We went together to Washington's headquarters, where I was not long in understanding that this new rôle was that of a spy. I hesitated; for I liked neither its duties nor its dangers. But I had given my word; so Lee conducted me to the General's office where sat Washington and several of his officers. A few words were spoken to him as I stood at attention and saluted. With a word he dismissed the officers and I was with him alone.

He gravely returned my salute as he rose, and then consulting a memorandum, asked me a few questions about my education and parentage, as though he placed no little stress on both. Then he said:

"You have been recommended to me as an intelligent, trustworthy and patriotic soldier—one upon whom I can rely. It is highly important to our cause that information be obtained that can only be gained inside the British lines. Are you willing to undertake such duties?"

Before I could frame a reply he added: "While the way has been prepared for such an agent to avoid all peril possible, you must understand that it is dangerous duty; and no guarantee can be given of your safety or protection, other than has been already provided."

I asked a few questions and then said, "It is *very* dangerous, is it not, sir?"

In answer he bent his head slowly, and replied, "Young gentleman, the duties of a soldier are always dangerous. We are fighting—our whole army, the officers especially,—with halters around our necks, and I, possibly, with more danger than the least of this devoted army. But is it not a cause that is, after all, worthy of all sacrifice?"

Bowing my head in answer, I said, "I accept the duty, sir."

His firm mouth relaxed into a smile, and he extended his hand.

I saluted, took his hand, and departed. That one handclasp made me feel that I was treading on air.

The minutiæ of my instructions were imparted verbally; no memoranda or papers were given me, but all details were memorized, and among them pass-words and messages to citizens of Boston, who were to help and favor me in the work undertaken.

This was in the middle of what proved an open winter, and it required waiting to get to Boston in the safest way, which was on the ice. At first it had been suggested that a different course be taken, but I objected to the desertion rôle that had been suggested.

It was on the 21st of January—if I remember

rightly—that I set out at midnight, alone, to cross the ice to Boston.

I had not gone far when hearing a sound behind me as though someone was following, I threw myself crouching upon the ice, and watched for the unwelcome spy who, apparently, was dogging my footsteps. To my surprise the obtrusive person advanced boldly and in a hoarse whisper called: "Jack! it is Job!" and there indeed was Job Tucker!

I was angry.

"What in thunder are you following me for?" I demanded.

"Wall," he replied with his usual drawl, "I've had a suspicion fer sometime that you was up to some kind of deviltry; an' I jest want to be in it with you, Jack! Say, have you got any objections?"

"A thousand, Job. You may guess that I am on dangerous business, and if you want to get your neck in a noose, I can't help it; but to my mind you are a consummate fool!"

"Yes," admitted Job, "I more'n half suspected it; but I have followed your lead so far, an' I'll stand my hand now in spite of all you say. Come now, Jack, can I?"

It was "Hobson's choice" and so I reluctantly assented; but not without distressing doubts of

its wisdom. Setting my wits to work, while we were still on the ice, to use Job to further my plans, I told him the rôle I was to assume and other particulars.

Job, on his part, told me that he had a cousin down by the "T" wharf, whom he thought would take him in. So we planned, as best we could, about a future meeting; and he was more reasonable than I had expected.

"Remember, Job," I said, "you are in double danger, for you have deserted from the American army and are liable, besides, to be taken for a spy by the British."

Job took it very coolly. "By George!" he ejaculated; "if the Continental Army will jest advertise me as a deserter won't it help both of us?"

I felt that it might, but it was impossible to tell whether or not it really would.

When we got to the shore Job went his way and I my own. I knew him to be shrewd and brave and that I could depend on his fidelity. And after all, it was not a little comforting to me to know that there was one in Boston upon whom I could rely.

Making my way through a part of the town whose details I had minutely studied for my purpose, I was startled by the cry, "Two o'clock and all is well!" from a sentinel. He was so

near me that, but for his call, I would have run into him.

I was trying to evade him when he cried, "Halt!"

I walked boldly towards him, when he again halted me and ordered: "Advance and give the countersign!"

"I haven't the countersign," I replied.

"Then what are you out here at this time of the night for?"

"I have been to see my girl," I said, "and am just going hum."

"Where do you live?"

"Down on King Street, at Mr. Burton's."

"Not old Dick Burton?" he said with half a laugh.

"Yes sir, I am his clerk an' he's my uncle."

I answered other questions, which were perfunctory, for he seemed in more of a hurry to get out of the cold than to be exact in duty. Finally he said, "I am half a mind to take you to the guard-house; but I guess you are all right. Got any tobacco?"

"Not here," I replied, "but if you will come to the store I'll give you some."

That proved to be my best argument, for he slyly said: "All right, tomorrow—don't forget."

Reaching King Street and counting the doors

from a certain point, I knocked in a peculiar manner at the door. I waited for several minutes before the door opened and a gentleman in night-dress presented himself with the inquiry:

"Who is it?"

To which I replied according to instructions given me: "Your *own* nephew—John Gregory of Norwalk."

"All right," he replied: "are you willing to take up the duties of clerk, as your father has arranged?"

"I'll try to do my duty, Uncle Richard: that's what I am here for."

"Come in," he said without further hesitation.

CHAPTER IX

WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES

RICHARD BURTON was a thick-set, rosy-cheeked, unassuming tradesman, in whom there seemed to be no secrecy or guile; but under his appearance of artlessness he was shrewd, observing and sagacious. He was reputed to be a Tory, and he let it go at that.

I was duly installed as his clerk and salesman, waited on customers—some of them English officers and privates—collected bills, gave receipts, and kept accounts. At night I slept in a little room over the store.

With a quill behind my ear and a memorandum book protruding from my pocket, I was able to visit places where I could gain information; and in this way I soon became acquainted with British officers, and their non-commissioned helpers.

A short time after I had been installed as clerk, Job Tucker made application to Burton & Co., as man of all work and porter, and was "hired on." Even Mr. Burton did not know that I had a previous acquaintance with Job;

though I should have told him had it been needful.

The South Meeting House, which had been fitted up as the army riding school, was but a short distance from Burton & Co.'s store, and I soon became acquainted with its officers and their non-commissioned staff, in course of furnishing them with grain and hay and other things in our line.

In a week's time I had as good a knowledge of the location and strength of most of the British troops as did their officers. This was easy to obtain, because of the contempt they had for the intelligence of Boston people, and the disdain in which they held the "rebels."

I had made a plan giving details, but it was in such shape that it seemed to be only a memorandum of accounts. I therefore thought it safe to intrust it to Job for delivery in Cambridge. In furtherance of this plan, Job began blundering so badly in his work that he was discharged by Burton, and then I sent him on my errand across the ice. I also sent a verbal message to Colonel Lee of Washington's staff, and promised a further report.

I had become so well acquainted with the officers at the riding school, that through one of them, Captain St. John, I was given a pass admitting me to the theatre they had established in

Faneuil Hall. It angered me not a little to see churches and public buildings perverted to such base purposes; but, of course, I could not show my disapproval.

Richard Burton had a charming daughter, Sarah, with whom I struck up a lively friendship. I took her to several of these performances by the British.

It was while at a play with Miss Burton, in Faneuil Hall, that I met with a surprise which threatened not only my mission but possibly my life. The actors were mostly English officers, and, to me—who had never seen plays until the present—the drama was intensely interesting.

In the midst of the performance I turned from a laughing remark of Miss Burton and looked up to the gallery,—and saw Robert Leaming staring down into my face!

I slowly turned my head away to conceal my shock of surprise. I felt the blood mounting to my head. I felt it not only meant the failure of my mission, but even the loss of my life.

My heart was thumping like muffled drum-beats, when, taking advantage of the fall of the curtain and comparative darkness, I gave a word of explanation to Miss Sarah Burton, and we got out of the hall and made our way quickly home. Fortunately I met Richard Burton at the door. I thought myself very cool; but he must have

seen by my face or manner that something had seriously disturbed me.

I told him briefly of being recognized by Robert Leaming, a Norwalk Tory sympathizer, and something about our past difficulties. I also told him about seeing Bob skulking around our army.

"A pretty kettle of fish, John!" was his comment. "Very bad, John!"

After a moment's silence, he added, "Openness is sometimes the best disguise. If there is anything about the mess that I do not know, tell me at once. What about that new porter; he acted a little curious, I thought."

I was surprised, for I thought the affair was as secret as the grave; but when I told him he did not appear amazed. He only nodded. "Any more cats in the bag?" he asked.

"No sir—not yet. Had I better get away from here?"

"No, stay where you are," he advised. "You may not see that man again; act as though you had nothing to fear."

"But I have," I retorted.

"Yes," he assented, "but that is all in the day's work!"

I followed his sage advice; for I knew that dodging before one's task was done was not only

bad policy but cowardly; that I was a soldier and that I must act the part of one and stand fire!

When I reminded Mr. Burton that Bob had seen me at Cambridge, his comment was: "You saw him, too— You have as good a right to assume that he was in the army as he had that you were there. He has no proof of it, has he?"

"But," I said, with my old disposition to discuss, "he knows I am a patriot."

"Yes," replied Burton, "but they do not know it here, do they?"

I was comforted by this philosophy and, moreover, did not think that Bob had any evidence that I was not just what I now professed.

A week passed by, and as I had seen nothing more of Bob, I pursued my usual work.

Job Tucker was still absent, but I was not alarmed about that; for possibly he might be under arrest as a deserter. I had meanwhile done about all that had been given me to do in the way of noting strength and positions, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to get back to headquarters and report. But here I met with another unexpected check: I found that I was being spied upon.

I was visiting the riding school one day and, in returning to the store I suddenly turned back to go another way when a roughly-dressed man

jostled against me. There was something strangely familiar about him, as he turned quickly away, but I could not remember where I had seen him before. I was troubled about this, but could only await further developments. The next day I turned again on the street—just in time to see the same fellow dodge behind a tree.

Among my acquaintances at the riding school was an old English sergeant. Like other non-commissioned officers of the British he had been in the service for many years. Though he dropped his H's, and put vowels where they did not properly belong, he was a man of good intelligence, and, I mistrusted, furnished, as is often the case in an army, brains for his superiors in rank. I was debating with him a mathematical problem, when he said:

"Do you know that while learning is a great thing—and there is a plenty of it among my officers—the rarest quality among them is decision, and the ability to use it?" Then, to illustrate his meaning, he said, "The rebel army, for example, could drive us out of here easily!"

"How?" I queried, laconically.

"By putting a few guns on the hills south of the city—Dorchester they call it, I believe. And we can prevent them by occupying the same; but our generals, though they discuss it, don't do it; and the rebels won't. That is," he added,

"unless they 'guess' as they say, it will be 'a tarnation trouble for us,' as they did at that hill near Charlestown."

"Were you in that fight?" I inquired.

In reply he rolled up his sleeve showing me a bullet scar, "That's what I got there!"

"Did the rebels fight well?"

"H'm, yes!" and then in a lower tone, "Man, it's my opinion that we have made a great mistake; 'twould have been far better to have these men fight for us—not against us."

"How did you feel about it? Were you mad?"

"No," he growled, "an' I heard some of my comrades and officers—for aye that—say in substance, though they were beaten back three times it was some satisfaction to know that it was done by Englishmen—for that's what they are. They can fight," he added decisively, "and what's more, they *will* fight! And we made a mistake to begin it."

As I left him, two words burned themselves into my brain, "Dorchester Heights!" I saw at a glance how a few of Washington's guns placed here would endanger the city and sweep the harbor. I wondered if our General had thought of this. I felt I must get back to him as soon as possible and tell him what the old sergeant had said.

Engrossed in my own thoughts, I had drawn aside into a doorway to make another entry in my notebook, intelligible only to myself, when I heard cautious footsteps. I had just time to withdraw in the shadow, when the rough fellow I had twice before observed, passed by. He was close to me, but did not see me. I gasped as I recognized the disguised features of Bob Leaming!

CHAPTER X

I SECRETLY VISIT CAMBRIDGE

UPON reaching the office I at once told Mr. Burton what had happened, and without a word of comment he listened to the story.

"Lad," he then said, "you had better get away from here!"

"I think so too," I agreed, "and the sooner the better."

"Do nothing hurriedly," he cautioned, "and then there will be less to mend." Adding thoughtfully, "Let me see."

After a moment's silence, during which he sat with eyes fixed in nonfocused abstraction, he took me into his private office, lit a candle, then went outside and closed the heavy wooden shutters of the windows, to make sure that no one could see within. Returning he pulled out from a hiding place memoranda containing far more minute data about the British troops in Boston than I had obtained, and disclosing some particulars that I had not known about. Then, with business-

like throughness he went over them with me, item by item.

After making sure of my memory he carefully burned the papers, so that not a scrap remained as a tell-tale in case of search.

It was late in February. The snow which began to fall in the afternoon, just at sundown, had turned to sleet.

As I shook hands with "old man Burton" as his neighbors called him, and went into the street, it was so dismally dark and disagreeable that I could not repress a shudder at thought of the work before me.

But it was no time for weak-hearted hesitation; so I carefully hurried forward under the protecting darkness, reached the Common, and then crossed it to the Back Bay, stumbling occasionally, but without serious mishaps. The very fierceness of the weather was my best protection. I felt instinctively that Bob would not hound me on a night like this. I knew him of old to be a lazy fellow.

I had planned how to act under every circumstance that could be foreseen, and had not a scrap of incriminating evidence on my person. On the contrary, I carried orders from British commissaries for forage and provisions, with which in case of necessity to account for myself.

Reaching the river without difficulty other than

being halted once by a sentinel, I went my way unmolested; for there was little trouble in dodging the guard on a night when they were more intent on comfort than on watchfulness.

Though the weather had been mild for some days, I believed the ice to be safe for crossing, as there had been a "cold spell" a week or more previously.

I had picked up a long stick while crossing the Common, by which to feel out the ice ahead of me. With even this precaution I nearly got into the water; at one time the ice cracked under my feet, and one foot slumped through. To avoid this danger I had to make a wide detour before finding a safe crossing. My passage over the river took so much time that the hourly cry from the British troops, "Eleven o'clock and all is well!" was heard as I landed on the western shore.

Without further incident of importance I reached Cambridge and was conducted by a sentinel direct to our headquarters.

Upon being admitted to the office of the commanding General, I found General Mifflin, Washington's aide and quartermaster, still working at his desk. Standing at attention I saluted and was motioned to a seat, and the clerk assisting him was sent away.

"Communicate everything of importance at

once, and details later," was his sharp command.

Scarcely had I begun, when Washington in full uniform, which indicated that he, too, had not as yet retired, came in. I rose and saluted, when he bade me resume my seat and continue my recital.

"Did you recently send a message to us by a soldier?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "by Private Tucker, who had followed me when I left here, without my previous knowledge or consent. I thought it best to use him." Then I told him briefly about Job Tucker.

"It is well," was his comment. "The information was important and timely. "Do you know him to be faithful?"

"I would trust my life to him, sir," I answered.

General Washington and his aide nodded to each other as though satisfied with this reply, and said, "Go on."

I then gave the information gathered more fully—and with illustrative details.

"There is one more thing," I added impetuously, "that I think the most important of all —if you will pardon my seeming to advise you."

"What is it?" asked the Commander quickly.

"You can drive the British out of Boston if you occupy Dorchester Heights."

When I narrated the conversation with the

English sergeant about the importance of occupying Dorchester, a significant look passed between the two as though it confirmed some intelligence they had received; but they made no outward comment.

Some hot drink and food were now brought in for me; and as I was partaking of this needful refreshment, General Washington startled me with the question: "Will you return to Boston tonight?" As he asked this question, he looked me steadily in the face and added, "We still require your presence there, and it is not wise for the enemy to note your absence. Can you penetrate their lines again?"

"It is late," I replied, "but I will do it if possible, sir."

The aide went out to arrange for my speedy passage to the river. My General rising said, "Young gentleman, you have given loyal service to our cause. Act with discretion, as you have hitherto, and be assured that we will recognize your services."

"I thank you, General," I replied, saluting.

Washington bowed and without another word retired.

A guide with horses accompanied me to the river, and at five o'clock in the morning I was within the British lines again.

For safety I had made a wide detour and

reached the upper part of the Common without hindrance, just as the sun was rising in a cloudless sky, when I was halted by a British sentinel.

"Halt! who goes there?"

"A friend without the countersign," I replied.

"What is your business here?" he asked.

"I am on business connected with the commissary of the 22nd Foot—General Gage's regiment," I responded, and in an unconcerned manner displayed orders and unsigned receipts.

"I suppose it is all right, but you will have to explain to the officer," was his comment. And then he called out: "Officer of the Guard, Post 12!"

I was conducted to the guard quarters, where I went through with some sharp questioning.

"Why are you out so early?"

"It was so dark and stormy yesterday afternoon," I explained, "that I neglected to get these receipts signed, and I didn't want Mr. Burton to know that I had disobeyed his order to do it yesterday; so I am up early to escape a scolding. My master is strict and I do not want him to know about it."

Luckily Gage's 22nd Foot was stationed near, and that gave confirmation to my statement and was a seeming explanation of my presence there at such an early hour.

When the Colonel of the 22nd recognized me as the clerk who usually transacted such business with his regiment, and I had been questioned as to why my dress was so rain-stained, and had given—as I thought—satisfactory replies, I was released and went whistling on my way with seeming unconcern—which I was far from feeling—to King Street.

In some unaccountable way, I felt myself spied upon, as was true, for upon turning a corner, I saw the roughly-dressed Bob dodging my footsteps. How much did he know of my night's adventure, I wondered?

Appearing not to notice him, I resumed my way, entering the store of Burton & Co. whistling. Mr. Burton turned slowly and seeing Bob—as I later learned,—not far from the door, said sharply, "Where have you been, John?"

"I beg pardon," I replied; "it was so stormy that I did not go the to 22nd office yesterday afternoon, and so did it early this morning."

And with this reply handed him the orders and receipts from the Commissary of Gage's regiment.

"Very well, Mr. Gregory," he tartly replied, "But don't be so negligent again. We must be prompt in attending to army customers."

Going to the desk I began mending a quill as though my absence had been only casual.

As soon as possible, I explained my return to Mr. Burton, and told him about the further information required, which I now felt sure it would not be prudent for me to gather, as I was most certainly distrusted and watched.

"Do not worry," he said. "We will find means of getting it."

A few days later a most fortunate meeting occurred. Going up Cornhill near the South Meeting House, I met Job Tucker, face to face.

"What in the world are you doing here, Job?" I asked.

"Wall," he drawled, with a scarcely perceptible wink, "I have got a new place an' it suits me a mighty sight better than lugging things for a cross stick like old Dick Burton—I snum if it don't."

"What is it?"

"Why, I am driving a carriage for a lady Colonel Carlton is particular to."

"Come down and see me, Job; don't forget old acquaintance if you are a high coachman," and with a significant look, I added, "watch your p's and q's."

He understood I wished to see him soon, but must be cautious—so, guardedly replied, "Wall, I will jest as soon as I can get off, but I have got to be on hand an' may not get around for a day or two."

That very afternoon he came into the store, and bought a jack-knife; then getting near me he said in an undertone, while examining and criticising the knives and dickering about the price: "A feller follered me here; see if you know him. He has been dodging me for a week!"

As he spoke I got a glimpse of Bob in his disguise at the shop door. "I know him," I whispered, as I passed him the knife; "he's a spy," and then added, "It won't do for me to be caught going to Cambridge. Can you make the next trip for me?"

"It ain't so easy as rolling off a log," he whispered, "but I guess I can. I've got to get some hay for my horses somewhere." I thought it safe—as Richard Burton had already given me further information—to communicate it to Washington at once. I showed Job some other articles and while he dickered loudly about their quality and price I managed to whisper to him the needed facts.

As Job was leaving he said, as though jokingly: "I have got a carriage, and ain't obliged to go afoot like you common clerks. Say! I can travel most anywhere in style, too. Why don't you be somebody yourself, Jack?"

I understood by that remark, that he intended to make use of his position as coachman to deliver the message in Cambridge. With this he strolled

into the street again, brushing by Bob carelessly as he went.

I felt certain that the intelligence committed to Job, which was very simple but important, would be faithfully delivered. I was, however, much disturbed about myself. It was now certain that I was under suspicion, and I felt that it was only a question of time when I might find myself in trouble. As soon as possible I had a talk with Burton in his room, and it was agreed that it was my best policy to stick closely to the store and thus take no part in gathering information about the British Army.

"Lie low," he said, "and wait."

CHAPTER XI

A TRIAL AND A DUEL

IT was not long before my fears were realized. First Mr. Burton was questioned closely about me, and then I was brought before a Courtmartial of officers. After going through the formalities of asking me my name, age, occupation, and the like, it was hardly a surprise to me when Bob Leaming was brought in to confront me.

"Why, hullo Bob!" I said as though pleased to see him. "What are you doing here, and how are all the folks?"

"Don't worry about me and my folks," he snarled. "The question is, what are *you* doing here?"

"Come to order!" rapped the presiding officer sharply. "What do you know about this man, Leaming?"

"I know a lot, sir," he replied; "but there's a lot more I wish I knew."

Then he proceeded to tell the various facts my readers already know—how I had refused to

drink the King's health; how I had left home to join the Continental Army; and how I was even now getting information and going back and forth through the lines. It all sounded very damaging as Bob dwelt particularly on my goings and comings in Boston, but I put on a bold front.

"Yes, I left home to join the Continentals," I confessed frankly, when they began to question me; "but I left them long ago."

"Why?" queried the officer sharply.

"They haven't a chance against such an army as yours. No discipline, and men leaving the ranks and going back home all the time."

It was just such evidence as I knew our General would approve, as it would lull the British into security and over-confidence.

"Then you deserted?" he asked with a keen look.

"No, sir, I simply didn't re-enlist when my three months were up. Few of the men do."

"But you confess that your sympathies are with the rebels?"

"I love my own people," I answered. "If that makes me a rebel there's a lot of them in this country."

"Do you mean you are ready to fight on that side?"

"Not much chance now," I replied. "I am ap-

prenticed to my uncle Richard Burton, and you know what sort of a man he is."

The officers smiled at this reply, for Burton had the reputation of being a strong loyalist.

"He's pulling the wool over your eyes!" interrupted Bob at this point, hotly. But his impetuosity and lack of respect for the court counted against him.

I turned and surveyed Bob calmly.

"For that matter, I don't think you have so much to say," I retorted. "I saw you at Cambridge, too, while I was there."

This unexpected shot confused Bob for a moment. "I had business there," he blustered.

"So did I," I countered.

"Order!" commanded the court. "What else have you to say, Leaming?"

"Just this," he answered giving a baleful look in my direction. "I have been watching this fellow for months. He was one of the first ones to stir up trouble in Norwalk. He took military training there, and even took fencing lessons. That's all."

"That's true," I admitted, "and I am only sorry I was unable to continue them, for I am fond of such things."

My seeming frankness told in my favor again, and a young officer who up to this time had made no remarks said:

"We will give you an opportunity to display your skill, if you wish to take the shilling."

He emphasized the word "skill" ever so slightly, and a smile went round the court at a raw young Colonial presuming to know anything about sword play. I did not reply to this, for I remembered a significant line from Shakespeare about "protesting too much." But I was quick to see that this was a diversion in my favor. The rest of the examination was perfunctory.

The young officer said something about "fun," as an attendant brought in a pair of fencing foils. There were covert winks exchanged, as he said: "Perhaps you would like to try your skill with me in fencing; for I understand you to say you are fond of the exercise?"

"I would like it," I replied, "but I don't think that I could make very good play against an experienced swordsman,—I am out of practice."

"Just one bout, if you please," urged the young officer who thought to trip me up and also to exhibit his own adroitness.

With the foil in my hand I felt an almost irresistible desire to try my blade, and as the officer assumed a position, I threw off my jacket, rolled back my sleeves, and at the call, "On Guard!" began to parry and thrust, with the sparks flying from contact of steel on steel. That he had

held me in contempt was shown by his not removing even his coat.

He was, I soon discovered, a skilled swordsman, one of the best in his regiment, as I learned later.

I saw as he made a vigorous parade that he had thought to disarm me in the first encounter. He was, however, so confidently careless that I could, had I wished, have disarmed him easily; but I chose to make him a friend rather than an enemy.

I watched his eyes steadily while parrying his attacks, and saw a look of surprise and chagrin in them as I met his play adroitly. The surprise of the spectators equalled that of my adversary. My nerves were steadier and my muscles stronger than his, though in skill we were nearly equal, and he was in greater practice than I.

The first bout ended with no great advantage on either side, except that he was a trifle winded and sweating profusely.

I heard exclamations of surprise from those present who perhaps had thought it to be some fun with a country lout; but as we prepared for a second bout there was no little excitement.

As my antagonist removed his coat and vest and rolled back his sleeves as though for serious work, the room filled with curious spectators.

At the word, "On Guard" I took my position and saluted confidently.

"My word!" I heard an officer say, "but the youngster looks fit!"

"Put him in the King's uniform," suggested another, "and by George——!"

I fully realized the trial before me. The officer looked grimly determined and not a little nettled.

Though at first I had been reluctant to put forth all my skill, I was now in a temper to do my best.

He attacked fiercely. I parried and thrust cautiously and coolly. I was successful twice in penetrating his defense, while he was not equally fortunate. It was clash! clash! click! click! of grating foils and ringing steel, as I met his attacks and then thrust over his guard.

With exclamations of the spectators: "Fine! Well parried! Good!" I met his attacks and made returns in kind. He tried several tricks in swordsmanship, with a low fierce guard but I met them all skilfully. He grew heated and irritated, which gave me such an advantage that I again touched him; and the bout ended with shouts of approval, which seemed mostly intended for me.

As we were once more preparing to take our

places, I saw him speak to an attendant with a sidelong nod of his head which I did not then interpret. There was a resentful look in his eyes, as we crossed foils once more.

It was fierce play on both sides, with him constantly pressing me; yet such was my advantage in youthful vigor and watchfulness that I held off his attacks. He was getting winded, while I reserved my strength. Again he lunged and I parried and forced his guard. Had it been a real duel with swords I could have killed him.

He was now getting not only winded but angry, which condition my cool composure served to aggravate. I penetrated under his guard again in spite of all his skill.

Urged on by shouts of approval I was about to put forth all my powers of deftness to disarm him, when a shutter flew open and a blinding sunlight flashed in my eyes. A quick side glance of my eye showed the face of Bob Leaming at the opening, grinning maliciously.

I stood on the defense at a disadvantage which only a swordsman can realize, when an officer sprang forward exclaiming, "None of this, Fitzgerald!" and Lord Percy interposed between us.

"You have not played fair, sir," he said with a significant gesture towards the window. "The young gentleman has shown good temper and re-

markable skill and must have fair play. You forced the trial, and you should treat him generously."

We dropped the points of our foils.

"What am I to infer from that remark, my Lord?" questioned my adversary.

"You know what I mean," replied Lord Percy pointing: "The button is off your foil."

"It was an accident," affirmed my opponent with seeming surprise.

"Possibly; but you have not played fair, sir," he said with a significant gesture towards the window.

"I do not think that he intended to be unfair, sir," I added. "I saw who it was that did that trick."

At which remark Lord Percy turned to me with extended hand and said, "You have shown great cleverness and good temper, and I congratulate you both on your skill and gentlemanly conduct."

"Thanks, my Lord," I replied overcome with his generous words.

"Your style is French rather than English," he suggested.

"My teacher was a Frenchman," I answered, "and he thought well of my work. But he would have liked to cross swords, I know, with a seasoned swordsman like Captain Fitzgerald."

Then turning to my adversary who stood nervously bending his foil, I extended my hand and said, "I thank you for the honor, sir, that you have conferred by meeting me with the foils and trust that you bear no ill will."

"None, sir," he answered heartily, and we shook hands, while several other officers came up and greeted me with compliments.

Lord Percy who had been the presiding officer of the court, detained me for a few parting words.

"Young man," he said, "you are not quite clear of the charge of espionage, and these are troublous times. Watch well your conduct. Do you understand?" And he gave me a searching glance.

I bowed, but did not trust myself to speak.

A single misstep further meant death.

CHAPTER XII

THE GUNS AT DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

ONE evening, not long after, I was given passes to attend the theatre with Sarah Burton to see the much-talked-of play, "Boston Besieged." Written by a British General, it lampooned the whole idea that Washington had guns of long range. There was a vein of ridicule of the patriot army in the play, which angered me all the more that I could not express it.

During the course of the performance, as though to second my anger, whiz! whirr! came a cannon ball sputtering over the roof of Faneuil Hall to the dismay of the audience. In the midst of the confusion General Burgoyne came to the stage and ordered the British officers present to return to their posts.

This was the first intimation that Boston was in danger from the American artillery. The cannonade was continued by the encircling patriot guns from Lechmere Point to Roxbury. In this it was evidently Washington's purpose to test the

range and strength of the British artillery, and also give a cover to another strategic purpose which was soon apparent.

On the morning of the 4th of March there was great commotion among the British troops in Boston. The strategy of Washington was revealed: two strong redoubts had been erected on Dorchester Heights in a single night!

The British were astounded. It was like the creation of Aladdin's fabulous palace. Lord Howe declared that "the rebels have done more in a single night than my whole army would have done in a month." The British Admiral said, "If the Americans retain possession of those hills I cannot keep a ship in the harbor."

Great excitement prevailed; groups of officers were seen in excited conversation, soldiers at quickstep hurrying on the streets; while demands came for supplies, food, grain and hay, from the stores of Boston. We were head over ears in work at Burton's store.

Though General Howe issued an order forbidding plunder, yet many stores were broken into and pillaged without recompense. But they respected Burton. Our supplies were demanded and given with apparent cheerfulness, and receipts and payments partially given. All was hurry and excitement among the troops with what purpose we did not know—but surmised.

As for me I did not dare stick my nose out to make inquiries, even if I had had time.

The British were preparing to attack and drive the Americans from Dorchester Heights, but a violent storm set in to defeat their purpose. Even the elements appeared to conspire against them. I believe, however, from what I saw and heard, that many of them were glad there was not to be repeated the slaughter of their troops which was seen at Breed's Hill and of which I think they had a wholesome dread.

The agitation among the troops, the hurrying of couriers, gave forewarning of movement of no common character which was soon revealed. A multitude of ships thronged the harbor, and the proud British army were making preparations to embark their troops and leave!

Many citizen loyalists were also busy getting goods together, and all signs indicated that they feared to remain after the British were gone.

The violent storm still threatening, retained the British transports off Nantasket Roads for over a week. When, on the 17th of March, they sailed away, the Continental Army marched amidst rejoicing sympathizers into Boston.

A large number of Tory families had embarked with the British. Some of them who had property interests in Boston would have been glad to remain, but were conscious that they

had made themselves acutely disagreeable to their patriot neighbors and relatives (for a separation of families as well as a division of sentiment had been caused by the war) and they were justly suspicious that their bitter acts and words would now be returned with interest; nor were they disappointed in their anticipations.

Richard Burton received the jeers and scornful looks of his patriot neighbors—who believed him to be a Tory—placidly, and went about his business with the imperturbability which distinguished him. Being always a man of few words he had antagonized nobody, and the patriots soon let him alone. When he was sarcastically asked which side he was on, he had calmly replied that he was a trader and sold goods to those who would pay for them. It was recalled in his favor, that he had been considerate and exceedingly forbearing with patriots who owed him during the British occupation.

It was during the turmoil of embarkment of the Tory families that I again encountered Bob Leaming going to "T" wharf drawing a handcart in which he had a fuzzy trunk studded with brass tacks.

"Where are you going, Bob?" I interrogated.

"Going to my friends, if I can get to them," he replied shortly.

"That's right Bob," I tartly replied; "discre-

tion is the better part of valor, I guess, in your case."

"How about you?" he queried, wiping the sweat from his face. "What are you going to do?"

"Clerk for Burton & Co. I reckon," I answered guardedly. Then assuming a frankness I did not feel, I looked him squarely in the eye.

"See here, Bob, what's your game? You have been shadowing me, and you tried to get me in trouble with that courtmartial. Now what's the matter? Isn't New England big enough for both of us?"

"Not while you keep after—a certain girl," he muttered.

"You mean Miss Hoyt?"

He nodded.

"Just leave her out of the case altogether," I said crisply.

"I guess we both will," he sneered. "She's to be married soon to a rich Tory. But why should you care? I've seen you flying around with that Burton girl."

I flushed at this but kept quiet; although I was terribly keen to ask him more about Emily, from whom I had not heard a word since leaving home. Then and there I resolved to return to Norwalk the moment I could slip away.

"Bob, you're steering on the wrong tack," I said suddenly. "You go your way and I'll go mine."

"Do you mean it?" he asked looking at me through narrowed eyelids.

"Why not?—but I'll prove it. Do you want to stay in Boston?"

"Yes," he answered, and this time I knew he was telling the truth. "But the patriots will make it too hot for me."

"Not if you keep your mouth shut. Now I'll tell you what I will do. I will try to get you a place with Burton & Co. He is going to send me out into the country to buy goods, and he needs another clerk."

I saw a keen look come into his face.

"The rebels will drive him out of Boston," said Bob. "He is a bigger Tory than I ever was."

"There's no politics in business," I rejoined, "and Richard Burton will sell provisions to the Continentals as soon as to the British; so don't worry about him."

"Then let bygones be bygones," he said with apparent heartiness. "You get that clerkship for me and I'll stay."

I saw through Bob's little game. He thought Burton a real Tory, and decided he could do some spying in his turn for the British and thus earn a commission with them. While I much pre-

ferred to have him under Burton's eye than prowling around over the country. So we were both suited.

The result of our conversation was that I went to Richard Burton and told him the whole story about Bob and he as a favor to me gave him the desired clerkship. Bob was immensely pleased at the prospect of remaining in Boston. When Washington entered the town amid the acclamations of the people, Bob joined heartily in the applause.

The loyalists who remained in the city after the British had departed cowered as the supple birch bends before a gale, at the resentment of their patriot neighbors, and got on with them as they could.

I had an interview with General Mifflin, Washington's aide,—whom I have elsewhere mentioned,—and was assured of my Commander's favor which took visible shape in a captain's commission and the present of a horse. But after talking the situation over with General Mifflin and later with Mr. Burton, we decided that for the present I could serve the cause better by apparently continuing to work for Burton, and going out into the country to buy supplies, as I had suggested to Bob.

CHAPTER XIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

WASHINGTON'S army did not remain long in Boston. Believing that it was the intention of the enemy to occupy New York, our commander hurried forward to forestall its occupation, and on the 18th of March ordered the whole army, except a garrison for Boston, to march for that city.

The plan was for the Continental army to march to Norwich and New London where it was to embark on vessels for New York; thus saving over a hundred miles of difficult marching. I went on ahead in my capacity of purchasing agent for Burton; and was able not only to buy needful supplies for Washington's troops, but also to obtain much valuable information.

It was unusually mild that spring as we started on our march. Nothing that concerns this story occurred until after we reached Norwich, where a fleet of sailing vessels awaited on which to embark the troops, except that I had again renewed my acquaintance with Norwich friends.

I was on my way to see my cousin Josiah Fitch, when I again met Captain Nathan Mallory.

"Hallo, Jack!" he called heartily, "where are you steering for?"

I was glad to see him, but when he said, "Come on board my craft, Jack, and you shall have the best berth in my cabin," I could almost smell bilge-water and feel the sensations that I had experienced when I sailed with him to New London.

"Thanks, Captain," I replied, "I have a horse, which obliges me to ride."

"You don't seem anxious for my company anyhow," he retorted with a grin.

With joyful expectations I started for my ride to Norwalk.

I had planned to stop at the Mohegan village, hoping to see Winnake, but meeting one of the chief men of the tribe, was informed that he was away with a hunting party, and continued my ride through the balm-scented woods.

When about five miles from New London, near Lyme, I was hailed by a horseman.

"Where are you going, Jack Gregory?"

"Where in Satan's name did you come from, Job?" I exclaimed with surprise, for it was Job Tucker, and the last I had seen of him was as a coachman in Boston.

"Wall," explained Job, "I thought it best to move with the army, so I bought this nag to save my legs an' to ride in style to my folks; and say, that General Mifflin gave me a lot of paper bills an' praised me some, tu. But gosh! That horse and fixin's of yours is some fine!" and added, "My horse ain't much fer looks, but when his spavins get limbered up he can just go!"

"Hadn't you better go to your company, Job?" I asked. "By and by they may hang you for a deserter. You know that they are dreadful careless about hanging folks in the army."

Job grinned as he said, "Gosh, they did get holt of me fer that business under a tree with a rope, once, but I just showed 'em a paper I've got, an' they looked kind of disappointed an' let me go."

So, once more I had honest, reckless Job Tucker for company.

There were few bridges in those days, so when we came to a river, we had to "go 'round it," as Job declared, "or swim." Our journey was thus annoyingly lengthened.

While making a wide detour "going 'round," we lost our way. It had been cloudy for several days and we could not determine our course by the sun, and were "all mixed up" as Job declared.

It was while prospecting to find a trail or road that we came upon a band of Indians.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Job, "if here ain't some of them pesky Narragansett Injuns!"

Though I knew they might not be friendly, I put as good a face as possible on the situation, and rode confidently among them asking for a guide.

I did not like their gestures as they thronged around us and pawed their hands over my silver-mounted bridle and pouches. Finally when one of them bolder than the rest undertook to unbuckle my saddle bags, I struck his hand sharply with the butt of my riding whip. He angrily brandished his tomahawk and there was every prospect of trouble. There were threatening gestures and angry cries as they closed in around us and attempted to pull me from Star Face. I spurred my horse to make a dash from them, but my bridle was seized.

Job was pulled from his horse, and there were fears in my mind that the worst might happen, for though the Narragansetts associated sometimes with the friendly Mohegans they were a lawless lot, and not to be trusted.

While they crowded around me with the evident purpose of preventing my getting away and I was in the act of drawing my pistols to defend myself and force a passage, a tall Indian with the feather of a chief's son stalked with a commanding gesture into their midst, and grasping

my arm ejaculated: "Friends! friends! Jack Gregory, friends!" and there stood Winnake.

My, but I was glad to see him! Throwing myself from my horse, I almost hugged him. Winnake gave some commands in a voice of authority, and after some angry grunts from the savage I had struck and to whom I had given my pocket knife as a peace offering, better feeling prevailed.

Winnake explained to me that it was a hunting party made up in part of his people with the Narragansetts, and that some of the young men had got rum, as they were returning from the hunt, which made them unruly.

I could see that he was a man of authority among them.

When he invited us to visit the camp and eat and rest, I gladly accepted, while Job with bulging eyes of surprise and inquiry said, "Gosh, all whittaker, Jack Gregory! What did you do to them Injuns to make 'em give in?"

After we were refreshed with food and our horses watered and fed, we resumed our journey, and with Winnake and one of his friends for guides took an Indian trail and had no further trouble in finding our way through the forests.

A few days after we had reached my home, I invited Winnake to be my guest, but he smilingly

declined my hospitalities saying, "My white brother's ways are not Mohegan ways, though they have much *wareagan.*" Which, interpreted, means "good things."

We parted with many expressions of goodwill and an agreement to meet again soon. At parting I gave him a fine hunting knife that I had purchased in Boston. In return, a few days after, I received by his messenger a doeskin hunting jacket and leggings ornamented with beads and porcupine quills.

I was gladly welcomed home by father, mother, and Mary. Mother was much the same as when I had last parted with her, but father had visibly aged.

"Father," I said, "your hair has grown very white."

"Yes," he replied, "I am not sure but I have suffered from anxiety more than you have from service."

My sister had been in school at Stamford and mother, who was not strong, had acquired a "hired girl" since my absence.

My horse and its equipments were much admired especially by father who understood his good points. "He is of fine stock, docile and spirited," said father. Knowing father's discretion I told him in a few words about my commission as Captain, and that I was at present buy-

ing supplies for the army. But I did not dwell on the dangerous work I had done in Boston.

I had expected that Job, after a little rest, would resume his journey towards New York; but as it seems he had other views.

When, shortly after my home-coming, I resumed my farming duties and began to help father with the spring plowing and harrowing, Job took an active part in the work as though he had been "hired on" and had no thoughts of leaving.

When questioned about him, I replied, "I don't know how long he intends to visit, but it is just like Job to hire himself as help here without invitation." And then I told my folks about his amusing characteristics.

One of the causes of his remaining with us I soon surmised, when mother said: "He and my girl, Matilda, seem to attract each other."

"What makes you think that?" I questioned.

"Why, they grin at each other and she giggles, and he says, 'Gosh!' every time they get near each other."

"When are you going to New York, Job?" I asked him one day; "it is only about forty miles, and the road is good."

"Guess I will stay here awhile and help," was his calm reply; "your Dad is getting old and I can pay for my keep by helping out. Say, Cap!

that Matilda Hurd is a mighty fine critter of a girl."

"I haven't noticed it," I replied shortly.

"Wall," drawled Job, "I have, and she can sure bake beans and cook clam chowder—um!" he ejaculated, smacking his lips, "Jehosaphat! but she is a bundle!"

And she was: being about as broad as she was tall.

So Job stayed on and I was glad of his help on the farm.

The next evening after my home-coming, I walked down to see my friends, at the Arnold Inn. I had broadened and matured since being in the service, and Jean at first did not recognize me. We were mutually glad to see each other, and it is almost needless to say that we had a bout with the foils.

He was pleased when I told him about my fencing with the British officer, and said: "If you keep up your practice zair are few swordsmen who will be your equal. By ze way," he added slyly; "what became of ze fine sword you left with ze young lady?"

And he laughed and tweaked me by the ear.

"That is just what I am going to learn very soon," I answered.

Of course, I did not neglect to visit my old master, who seemed a second father to me. He

was failing in health and strength fast. His eyes were dim, his steps were faltering and his voice weak and trembling. He knew my voice and greeted me with affection. I had to tell him about my experiences, and about General Washington. But before long his attention wavered.

He gave me his blessing as we parted, and I felt that it would not be long before he was called to his just reward.

I soon rode to Stamford to see—Mary, and also to deliver a message that Steve Betts had entrusted to me for his folks.

After some general conversation with Mary, I inquired, "Where is Miss Hoyt?" For I had been told that she was attending the same school.

"Which Miss Hoyt do you mean?" she inquired pertly, "there's Miss Augusta Hoyt, the head teacher, and— "Oh," she interrupted herself as though she had not at first understood my inquiry, "You mean Emily Hoyt? She is on a visit to her mother who is ill; but no doubt if she had known that a veteran of Bunker Hill was going to call, she would have waited."

"None of your sarcasm, sis," I replied laughing, but blushing in spite of myself. "But tell me, is she patriot or Tory? I heard that she was to marry a rich Tory."

"That is for you to find out," she said mischievously; and I could not get any further information out of her.

CHAPTER XIV

RAIDED BY TORIES

THE Tory element in the vicinity of Norwalk was aggressive and at times vicious. Some of them were organized for depredations, and even members of the same family were sometimes bitterly opposed to each other.

One of these attempts occurred while I was at home. The first attack was in a neighboring farm where several fattened hogs were driven away. They had not been killed at the usual time because of the scarcity of salt which had reached a prohibitory price. The Tories, however, got away on this raid before we were able to reach them.

Then we heard another alarm at a different quarter of the town. I was delayed in starting with others by what Job called "puttering preparations," which delay, however, proved fortunate, as by mistake I took a contrary course from the others and found myself in that quarter of the town where Emily Hoyt and her mother resided. Hearing a suspicious sound I hastened to their back door and saw, by the twilight, some one skulking near the barn.

"Who's there?" I called.

There was no answer, but as I stood listening a man bolted out aiming a blow at my head with a clubbed musket. Dodging and parrying with my gun barrel, I struck back—my rifle not being loaded—but the man evaded me like a shadow, mounted a horse hastily, and got away.

Just at that moment Emily Hoyt herself came running out of the house, and seeing me in the shadow, gave a muffled scream.

"It is I, Jack Gregory," I called out reassuringly.

She came up to me and gave me her hand, but was trembling like a leaf.

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad to see you again—and now of all times! Mother and I heard a suspicious sound out here and were afraid to come out until I heard a horseman ride away."

"Yes, he got away before I could stop him," I answered. "But let's see if he did any damage."

We peered around in the dim light, and Emily uttered a cry.

"Sorrel Top is stolen!"

The man had indeed ridden away on her horse.

"There is not a moment to lose," I said. "I will see you again, perhaps tomorrow, Emily. Now, I must see if I can trace the thief."

I at once went in the direction the man had taken, but as night was falling and he had made

for the main road, I lost the track. There had been several others in the raiding party, and the whole town was astir.

The next morning early I found several of my neighbors awaiting me. Horses and cattle were missing, and they were anxious to recover them if possible, and teach the raiders a lesson.

I was told that tracks leading to "Old Well Village" indicated that they had carried their plunder to Long Island. Desiring to examine these tracks I asked Job to bring my horse. He was gone for so long a time that I had started out to find him, when I met him excitedly brandishing his arms, and crying out:

"Gosh, Captain, your horse is gone!"

"Aren't you mistaken, Job? I saw him in the pasture this morning."

But the horse could not be found. On making a circuit of the fence, I found one place broken, and traces of foot-prints and of horses' hoofs.

"Job!" I called, "Find Winnake for me at once and tell him I want his help."

And Job on a borrowed horse rode hastily away on the errand.

We tried to determine whether or not "Star Face" had broken the fence or had been removed by the depredators. We could trace the horse to a shallow brook, but there lost the trail.

"Wall," said Job who had returned, "It is

darn near noon, Cap, an' I guess we'd better go to dinner. 'Tilda is going to have stewed chickin' and dumplins!"

"Confound you, Job!" I retorted angrily, "you think more of your belly than of anything else."

"Plague it," said Job sheepishly, "I've heard you say that 'a man with a full belly was worth two hungry men' "; and off he went.

Sitting by the brook, disconsolate, I heard a twig snap, and looking up, to my delight there stood Winnake.

"Lost horse?" he asked briefly, and then set to work.

With keen eyes he took up the lost trail at the brook and pointing to some crushed leaves said: "White friend know paper talk, but not see these?"

The trail he had discovered led to a ledge where even his keen eyes were baffled for a time. But finally he said: "Indian been here."

"Do you mean that an Indian has stolen Star Face?" I asked.

Winnake's black eyes twinkled as he replied, "Indian boy like horse same as white boy," and adding, "Stay here, I look"; he left me.

Soon he returned and beckoned to me. I followed him until we came in sight of some Indian wigwams.

Several of the Indians gathered around us,

and one with stately step greeted Winnake, and then turned to the others with a tone and gesture of command.

As though in answer, a young Indian with the feather of a chief's son came to him. The old chief making an imperious and commanding gesture, the young Indian departed.

After a few moments of silence he again appeared leading a horse. It was Star Face!

"White Brother make present to him," suggested Winnake.

I assented. Then Winnake told me that the chief's son had stolen the horse from the Tories themselves whom he had followed.

Reaching home with Winnake and the chief's son, I took down my best rifle as a present, but Winnake thought the old musket on the wall would do, so bringing this out, I gave it to him with some buckshot and a hunting knife.

Acting upon the advice of the chief's son, who was delighted in possessing the old musket and the hunting knife, we made plans for pursuing the Tory raiders, the Indian chief agreeing to help us. Early next morning saw us on the trail.

It was nearly noon when, after much perplexity, we came to the end of the trail near the "Old Well Landing."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Job, "here's the jump-off; water don't leave any tracks."

Winnake and the other Indians minutely examined the trail and the shore a few hundred yards further on, then stopped and motioned for me to approach.

"White man have big square boat here," affirmed Winnake, pointing out traces where a square-bowed, flat-bottomed craft had touched the shore. Higher up a gangplank had left a trace in the sand.

Getting together several boats and Indian canoes we went to a near-by island, but could find no traces of the thieves.

Next we visited my "Enchanted Island," at first with the same result. But on searching we found that the thieves had built a fire there not many hours before.

Then we went to a larger island about a mile away. It was barren and not a sign of either animal or human creature could be seen. But Winnake persisted saying, "We see." We broke up into parties to find the trail.

At one place, about half a mile from where we had landed, we heard an exclamation from the chief's son. With a motion of his hands, while his face was bent to the ground he was keeping away those with him, so that the track would not be obliterated.

"Big man," he affirmed, "ride horse here."

Winnake verified his friend's conclusions, add-

ing: "They 'fraid,"—meaning the rider was in haste.

As we went on, footmarks were seen and these multiplied, as though the marauders had met here by agreement.

"Bad man no care now," said Winnake; which I interpreted to mean that the Tory gang had grown careless.

The chief's son stood for a moment keenly looking around him, and then with a word to Winnake they both dashed forward toward a clump of trees and bushes. Then the sharp crack of a rifle was followed by a yell and a whoop like an Indian war cry!

Hurrying forward we saw a flutter of coat-tails of a man running like mad, with Winnake hot in pursuit.

When we reached the rising ground on the farther side of the hollow we saw two men hurrying to a boat on the shore. Before we could intercept them they reached it and shoved off; while Job's long legs had carried him ahead of us nearer the shore.

"Bang!" went a rifle when with a howl Job stopped short.

Bringing my rifle to aim I cried out: "Stop; come ashore!" The fugitives answered with a bullet that clipped a lock of my hair.

Seeing the uselessness of further pursuit, I

turned to Job Tucker who was vociferating that he was "bleeding to death!"

"Where are you hurt, Job?" I asked anxiously.

"Jerusalem!" he cried, "the broad side of my head is gone!"

"No," I contradicted, "your head is there, but you are bleeding some."

"Some!" he yelled, "I am bleeding like a stuck pig!"

"And squealing like one, too," I taunted.

"Gosh!" angrily retorted Job, "can't a feller mourn a little when he has lost his ear!"

He had, in fact, lost a small tip of one ear.

With further pursuit abandoned, and our chase apparently fruitless, we regained our boats, tired, thirsty and hungry. Job, who had quit lamenting over his ear, said, pointing, "Now there is an island we haven't seen."

"It isn't an island," I answered, "but a point of the mainland. There is a spring of good water there, let us go ashore for a drink."

Winnake had begun drinking a draught of the sweet water, when he dropped the cup as though he had been stung, and got to his knees on the ground.

"What is the matter, Winnake?" I asked: "Are you crazy?"

"White man and horses been here," was his reply.

And then Job, who had been "peeking around" yelled from a near-by thicket, "I have found them!"

"Found your senses or your ear?" I scoffed.

"The horses, Cap; hurry up or they will get away!"

Sure enough, we found two horses staked to ropes feeding peacefully. And one of them proved to be the saddle-horse, Sorrel Top, belonging to Emily Hoyt. I was particularly pleased with this find.

There were traces of men, but none in sight; and after patient examination we thought it best, as Job said, "to make tracks of our own for home."

The tidings of our adventure soon spread from "Old Well" to Grummond Hill, and we had to tell about it to neighbors and friends.

Losing no time, I rode Star Face, and led Sorrel Top to Emily's home.

She saw me coming up and ran to the gate with an eager cry.

"Somehow I knew you would get him, Jack!" she praised; and I was so vain that I didn't tell her that the Indians had done it all.

But as I stopped to talk for a few moments a sudden constraint fell between us.

"Tell me, Emily," I had said; "are you still keeping my sword?"

"Of course," she replied, and I fancied with some diffidence, "Do you want it now?" Then added hesitatingly, looking up to me with timid eyes, "I would like to ask you something, if I may."

"What is it?"

"When you wear—that sword—are you going to buckle it on—for Washington—or for the King?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" I said in surprise—with a rising inflection of anger in my tones.

"Because—oh well, I have been hearing things. I heard that you were in the battle of Bunker Hill, and that you were wounded there." Then she added timidly with down-cast eyes, "I wrote you but you did not answer."

"There was a good reason for that," I said, "I never got your letter."

"I wondered about it—I sent it by Robert Leaming. Then he wrote me that you had deserted the Continentals and were working for a Loyalist in Boston. He also wrote that you were engaged to be married to the storekeeper's daughter."

"Did you believe him?"

"Oh, I heard about it elsewhere, too," she said without replying to my question. "And now you are home without your uniform. What are

you doing here? Which side are you on, Jack?"

Her voice had gained courage as she went on, and now she raised her clear eyes and looked me straight, unflinchingly in the face.

By George she was beautiful! I admired her "spunk" even while raging inwardly at her doubts. It was on my lips to say, "I bear a commission signed by Washington himself"—but I could not speak—prudence restrained me. No one in Norwalk beside my own family and Job Tucker knew my true position. I mentally cursed Bob Leaming for his double-dealing, but I felt I must not explain; so with a note of irritation I parried: "What about yourself, Emily, are you royalist or patriot?"

"Why do you ask?" she said.

"For one thing—you have my sword," I replied. "For another, Bob Leaming informed me that you were to be married to a Tory."

"Bob's talk is absurd," she flashed. "But why don't *you* explain?"

"If you doubt me, keep my sword until you can return it with your trust," I replied with an emphasis that had in it more than a spark of anger.

With tears she turned and brought the sword to me and placed it in my hands, saying sadly, "Why can you not now return my trust by telling me the truth?"

"I will not explain," I said, "to any one who doubts my manhood in the least."

With tear-clouded eyes she looked me in the face and said falteringly:

"Do you not value my—friendship?" And then turning, before I could recall my hasty angry words—was gone.

Sore in heart, I buckled on the sword strode to my horse and rode away, sorry that I had not attempted an explanation. When later I found tied to my sword hilt a tiny knot of red, white and blue ribbon, I no longer doubted her patriotic sentiments; and was still more doubtful of my wisdom in not telling her the truth.

CHAPTER XV

OFF TO JOIN THE ARMY

BY this time it was getting well into the summer. Our farm work, thanks to an unusually early season, was far advanced; and I had also done everything I could do for the patriot cause in and around Norwalk.

Now I began to fret at the inaction. Miss Hoyt's words had stung me to the quick, and I was too proud to go again to see her. I even fancied that some of my old neighbors were looking at me askance. Big events were taking place in the colonies, and I craved excitement and a share in events.

The Declaration of Independence which had been proclaimed had given birth to a nation whose cause I loved with all the intensity of my nature and I was drawn to the army for its defense for which I was pledged.

The country at that time needed the unstinted devotion of its people, it being an unusual period of uncertainty and gloom for the American cause.

The expedition to Canada under Arnold and

Montgomery, so hopefully undertaken, had failed in disaster; it was a tragedy of woe. Five thousand men had perished in battle and by disease without compensating advantage: There was mourning and gloom in many patriotic homes. It was the saddest return for a vast output of money and blood that could burden a people just entering upon a great war for principles as then untested in government.

As if in answer to my own unrest, I received a summons to report to Washington's headquarters near New York.

Job, though urged to report for duty with me, had got himself appointed by the town "Committee of Inspection" for home defense.

"You know," argued Job, "them thunderin' big guns they are gettin' from Salisbury for to defend this town from the Britishers? One of the selectmen told me they had got orders to buy them,—an' was going to do it tu! But there's no one here knows how to fire the tarnation things but me; an' 'tis my opinion that duty calls me to stick to this town."

"Stick to this town!" I echoed sarcastically, "you mean, stick to Matilda?"

"I tell you," responded Job sullenly, "if I don't 'tend to them guns some of these lunkheads will blow their dumbed heads off, an' like's not, kill some of the selectmen, by gosh!"

As Job showed temper I dropped the matter.

"Father," I said on getting up from the breakfast table one morning, "I have helped you all I can here and am all ready to start for New York to report myself to my commander for duty again. The British have landed their troops at Staten Island, I learn, and an attack is expected."

After a moment's silence father replied in his measured tones in which there was a slight tremor, "My son, I have been hoping that you might be assigned to duty here, but will not put my wishes above the needs of my country."

"I must go, father," I answered, "for word has come that an attack is expected on our defences around New York, and I should be ashamed to find an excuse that might keep me from duty there."

During that day I called on my old master, said good-bye, and received his blessing. The next morning early I bade good-bye to the home-folks.

"God be with you," said father, with trembling voice. "Be brave, but don't be reckless. 'Draw near to God and He will draw near to you.'" And then with mother's kiss still warm on my cheek, I rode away.

Some of the town's people besides my intimate

friends came out to greet me as I rode through the streets. Most of them had known me from boyhood and greeted me warmly and believed in me in spite of slander and appearances.

My road led by the Hoyt house which stood on a plateau above the street level, and my eyes were drawn irresistibly toward it. I wanted to stop and bid good-bye to Emily—but my pride forbade.

Her words, "which side are you on?" rang in my ears. Which side was *she* on?

Did I imagine it, or was it real, that I saw a flutter of a white kerchief from an open window?

When I reached the heights that overlooked the town, its homes, its churches and streets framed in exquisite foliage, its river gleaming like silver with flashes of gold, the picturesque islands and the more distant Long Island Sound, all seemed to me more beautiful than ever. I bade good-bye to it with heart sinking, intensified by thoughts of the loved ones that I might never see again. But not for a moment did I draw rein. My country's call was like a fever in my veins.

I stopped in Stamford to bid sister Mary adieu, who with several of her friends came out, for I refused to alight on plea of haste. Mary

introduced me to several of the young ladies, who crowded around to greet her soldier brother, petting Star Face and admiring my equipments. They were no doubt lovely, but for me, as I reluctantly admitted to myself, there was but one girl's face in all the world. In vain I said to myself, "John, you are a fool"; yet I could not help my emotions.

"Did you see Emily before you left home?" asked Mary.

"Why," I evaded; "is she still in Norwalk?"

"She has been ill," she replied with a reproachful look I could not interpret, "and has not been able to resume her work here."

I had not ridden long before my horse began to limp and I found that one of his shoes was loose. Fearing to lame him I walked him and thus was delayed. Seeing the impossibility of reaching New York that day I got quarters for the night at a farm-house near the shop of a blacksmith who fastened the horseshoe.

A well-dressed and smoothly-spoken stranger greeted me near the farm-house barn.

"You have a good horse there, sir."

"Yes, sir," I replied crisply, not liking his freedom in addressing me.

Then coming nearer and looking me over, he said, reaching out as though to take hold of it, "That's a fine sword you wear, sir."

I answered, "Yes, it is good enough to care for," pushing away his hand.

"No offense, I hope."

"On short acquaintance one should not be too free."

"I beg pardon, sir," he excused, "fellow travelers should not stand too much on ceremony."

I bowed, not in agreement, but as if in recognition of his excuse.

That night I fastened my bedroom door and put my pistol within reach when I went to bed, for I mistrusted him, and in those times it was well to be careful.

In the morning I arose early, fed my horse and was away, and before noon reported for duty to General Mifflin. He listened to my confidential report of conditions up in Connecticut. "You want some active service, I believe?" he asked after complimenting me kindly on my work.

"Indeed I do, sir," I answered warmly.

He smiled. "It is just as well to transfer you to other service now, Captain Gregory." Saying which, he sent me across the river to report for duty to General Putnam. I was greeted kindly and after drawing a captain's uniform, was assigned to quarters near that general.

"You are well equipped," he remarked, glancing at my sword. "I need an officer of good

appearance and with a good horse, for an *aide de camp.*"

"I would like it," I answered, "especially if there is danger in the work."

"Danger enough," he responded gruffly, "We are likely to get some hot work all along the line. It is doubtful if we can hold on here long, and a retreat isn't a picnic."

I found the following state of affairs: On the 5th of July, General Howe's transports, after landing their incumbrances of Tory families that had fled from Boston with him, had returned from Halifax, made offing at Sandy Hook and landed at Staten Island. These troops with reinforcements brought his forces up to nine thousand men.

About the same time Admiral Howe with a squadron of one hundred and fifty transports loaded with troops arrived. Soon after this two warships passed our batteries at Paulus Hook and interrupted Washington's communications with Albany and his northern army.

Brooklyn Heights was occupied and strongly fortified by the American Army. It numbered, roughly speaking, about fifteen thousand men. The British army including some regiments of Hessians was nearly twice that number, and every man was a soldier well-equipped and well-

trained; while Washington's army was poorly-disciplined and equipped.

A redoubt of seven guns crowned Brooklyn Heights; Red Hook with its marshes and thickets, with its line of over half a mile of intrenchments had but twenty-five guns. This artillery was of several different patterns and calibre, rusty and neglected. Our soldiers were good marksmen as riflemen, but did not understand the first principles of artillery fire.

Washington was fully aware of the deficiencies of his army and of his enemy's superiority in everything that constitutes one. When Governor Trumbull had written him that, "he did not greatly dread what the enemy could do, trusting in heaven to support us knowing our cause to be righteous," Washington in reply sent him a copy of his army returns saying, "To trust in the justice of our cause without our utmost exertions would be tempting Providence."

I do not think that our Commander-in-Chief believed he could hold his position for long; but had determined to yield it as unwillingly as possible and thus give training, confidence and greater efficiency to his undisciplined men.

About a week after my arrival while seated in front of General Putnam's quarters waiting for orders, I saw a cloud of dust on the road

which I thought might veil a messenger with important tidings. To my surprise, however, there emerged from the dust-cloud no more important a personage than Job Tucker.

"What brings you here, Job?" I asked.

"Wall," drawled Job, "that horse of mine brought me here, by gosh, but the power back of that was something else."

So far as Job would acknowledge, his career as an artillery instructor had not been brilliant.

"A feller," explained Job, "lost his thumb and almost his head, by not keeping his thumb on the consarned touchhole of a vent when they fired one of them big guns. Jehosaphat! How was I goin' to know what that feller was to do with his thumb when the darned thing was fired?"

"Well," I teased, "how about Matilda?"

"Gosh ding it!" he swore, "she blowed me up wus than that touchhole did the feller's thumb. Said she wasn't going to have a man hangin' around her to keep themselves out of the army."

"That is the trouble, is it, Job? You have my sympathy. What do you want to do?"

"Somethin' thunderin' hard to ease my mind."

I understood, and got him a detail to cut and split some tough, knotty wood for the camp.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TURMOIL OF BATTLE

ON the 22nd of August the British army that had been landed at Staten Island in New York harbor crossed without opposition to Long Island and, landing at Gravesend, erected works and opened lines of approach.

Washington had made a thorough examination of the American position in person. Part of his troops were on Long Island and part in New York.

On the evening of the 26th I had been sent with important orders to General Sullivan at Brooklyn Heights. Washington feared that he was about to be attacked. While on my way there I met Job Tucker, sweaty and dusty, toiling over the road with his musket at right shoulder and a bulging canvas bag filled with what he called "war stuff."

"Hullo, Job!" I called, "are you deserting your woodpile?"

"Gosh yes! I was having too much time to think an' get the mullygrubs at that job, an' I

am off for a shot at them Hessian cusses that are hired to kill us."

"Did you obtain permission to leave your job?"

"Permission to fight?" questioned Job, with an expression of amazement: "I guess they'll need me without that."

"I think they will, Job."

"That's the way to talk, Cap!"

"What have you got in that bag, Job?" I asked.

For reply he opened it and displayed a small gridiron, a drinking cup, a chicken, and some Indian meal, explaining as he retied the bag, "Stomach stuffin'."

"Say, Cap! I met a Stamford feller who was inquiring about you; said he met you on the road here." And then Joe described him.

"Yes," I replied; "I met him and didn't like his looks."

"Same here," agreed Job.

I made no reply to this but rode on thinking about what Job had suggested. A few minutes later I was aroused by having my bridle seized by a man who sprang from behind a tree.

I struck the man a sharp blow with my whip, when Flash! Bang! Whiz! a pistol shot went buzzing by my head, which I had fortunately deflected by my blow. At the same time that I

struck in defense, I seized my bridle near the bit and spurred my horse upon the intruder. It was fortunate that we moved quickly or it would have been the last of my horse, for the rascal whacked at him with his broad-sword.

Fearing for Star Face more than for my own safety, I drew off and dismounted. I had taught my horse to stand—for at a pinch there is nothing more serviceable—then rushed to attack the villain with drawn sword.

The scamp was bold and met me sturdily as though expecting to overcome me by the superior weight of his weapon. I parried, then thrust, at which he gave a cry, as though wounded. I dealt him another thrust under his guard, then parried, and by a vigorous parade sent his sword flying from his hand. It was none too soon, for before I could finish him, a man sprang forward and made for my horse.

It was fortunate that I was fleet of foot and reached Star Face first, though not in time to mount. With the bridle in my grasp I struck at the rascal; but fears for my horse put me for a time at a disadvantage. As he dodged around Star Face, I turned and almost at the same time —mounted. The fellow advanced sturdily upon me. I dealt him a stab that sent him to the ground. He did not move, and by the uncertain light I saw a dark stain overspreading his face.

Fearing to linger I left the poor devil to the fate that he had invited, and rode away.

With but an imperfect view of the men, I recognized the first who had attacked me as the person described by Job. What purpose had the man in attacking me? Was it theft or murder?

On my arrival at General Sullivan's headquarters, I delivered my message. The General read the order, it seemed to me carelessly, then said:

"I can hold this position against the whole British army!"

I got the impression from his manner that he was conceited and did not like advice, and that he was headstrong.

The rank and file I met seemed equally confident. Said one of them, "We will give them something that will make them see two Bunker Hills!" It seemed to me that they swaggered too much.

As the hour was late, I determined to wait until the moon was up before returning. So I looked up some acquaintances, among whom were John Buxton and Sergeant Betts.

"Better bunk with me, Captain," suggested Buxton, "I want to talk to you."

"Thank you," I replied, "but when the moon

is up towards morning, awaken me for I must be getting back."

"I don't like the looks of things," explained Buxton; "out there in the rear of us there are three roads—you might call them—that are only half guarded."

"That's so," chimed in Sergeant Betts. "I was Sergeant of the Guard on the road on the right a few nights ago, and found that the British were mighty inquisitive. I nearly captured some of them there, too. But I had not over a dozen men with me, and they couldn't leave post."

"If they can get control of that defile on our left," said Jack Buxton decisively, "the devil will be to pay, for they will get in our rear."

"I think that General Sullivan must understand their importance," I said, "and has a plan for their defense."

And there the conversation about it closed.

Some time during the night, I was awakened by Steve shaking my shoulder and exclaiming, "Wake up, Cap! The deuce is to pay!"

And as I awoke, I heard the snap! snap! crack! crack! crack! of musketry! The long roll sounded and on every side was heard the command, "Turn out! Turn out!" and men hastening to obey.

I had caught the general infection of confidence which, however, was soon rudely disturbed. While attention was turned to an expected assault in the front, a sharp clamor of musketry was heard on our left.

"That firing is at Yellow Hook," said Steve.

"No, that's on our right; this is nearer and on our left," said Buxton.

It was not over an hour—perhaps about four o'clock in the morning—when our men who were confidently facing east in the breast-works were surprised to hear the rattle of musketry behind them! The enemy had got possession of the defile on our left flank and had debouched in our rear. Then over-confidence gave place to panic!

"We are surrounded!" was the cry.

The officers, though badly shaken, tried to rally their men. But undisciplined men are never panic proof. It was not long before the hopelessness of holding the position was shown. Shot came from front and rear.

I was contemplating making a dash with my horse and getting through before daylight—though it was moonlight—when I encountered Job Tucker. He was in a tousled condition. His clothes were torn, his hat gone, his hair on end, and his face bleeding from scratches, while his eyes bulged out like alarmed sentinels from his disturbed and anxious face.

"Gosh, Cap!" he cried, "there's tarnation to pay out there! Them Hessians would have got me if I hadn't jumped into some of the darnedest briar bushes you ever heard tell of. Jerusalem!" he continued, "them red-bellied fellers are thicker than huckleberries in a pie. Say, Cap, what are we goin' to do about it?"

"We've got to get out; or at least I have. This is the time, as Shakespeare says, when 'discretion is the better part of valor!' "

"I never heard of that general, but he was dangnation right if he said it about this mess."

I questioned Job about the route he had taken to get into our lines and then made my decision, for in spite of his oddities I knew him to be both observant and shrewd.

"Lead the way through that bramble-patch, Job."

Job understood. He stopped talking, pulled on an old cap he had picked up, and led the way while I followed walking by the side of my horse.

We heard the sharp report of musketry all around us growing nearer and nearer, as we hurried through the thickets.

We had not gone far when we had a dozen or more followers. I turned to them saying, "Spread yourselves out thin, men, and keep concealed as much as possible; it's your only chance to get through and a poor one at that."

They obeyed. Crouching, creeping forward stealthily, on they went leading, while I followed with my horse. When we came to the defile along our rear, we found the enemy partially guarding it.

"We can slip across the road one at a time maybe," said Job doubtfully; but I guess you'd better leave your horse: it's light as day."

I shook my head saying, "You men go first and I will get through, if I can, in my own way." For I had thought of a plan which though dangerous seemed best.

Believing that a bold course was the safest for me, first turning my coat which had some red in its lining, I mounted Star Face and avoiding the brambles, rode slowly into the road in plain sight of several British soldiers there. I even halted and looked up and down the defile, then carelessly and slowly passed into the thicket on the further side, and again dismounting made my way through coppice and briar patches towards the East River.

It was not long before some of my comrades joined me.

"Jerusalem, Cap!" was Job's greeting, "You did that dangnation well!"

I made no reply, yet I was satisfied with myself.

In another half-hour of dodging and scramb-

ling through patches of bramble-bushes, at an early hour I had reported at headquarters and gave the situation at the front as clearly as I could. Already, however, they had learned that disaster threatened. As is well known, a large number of our men were captured by the enemy and a great many killed and wounded. But the worst part of the affair was the demoralization which spread through the lines beyond.

The plans of Washington had failed because of over-confidence, want of discipline and the lack of material, in his army, and the superior numbers and equipment of his enemy. It spoke volumes for the greatness of our commander that he was neither disheartened nor demoralized, but calmly made other plans and saw to their execution.

There was fighting and obstinate defensive fighting, too, on the right side of the position attacked, as will be seen, but retreat was only a matter of a few hours for the whole line.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND

WHEN I reached General Putnam's headquarters I was surprised to find General Washington already there. At the first tidings of battle he had crossed the East River to enhearten and by his presence infuse confidence and courage into his troops. If there ever was a general who was the soul of an army, it was our Commander-in-Chief at that period.

He had brought with him several strongly equipped regiments from other parts of the line, and after learning all he could of the critical situation from me and other aides, he ordered these to the front.

While I was making my report to General Putnam, Washington, seemingly oblivious of my presence, was giving orders to other aides, but as I was about to leave he began to question me on points which I had not wholly covered in my report; thus showing that nothing essential in it had escaped him. After I had told of the difficult position of General Sullivan he said:

"Can you get through to him?"

"I will try, sir!"

"Captain Gregory," he commanded, "you *must* get through! Ride forward with my compliments to General Sullivan; say he must fall back to some strong place on the Heights, try to establish communications with his right, holding on and if possible, avoiding capture."

In the gloom and darkness of the storm I rode, until I found my progress retarded by the outposts of the enemy. Dismounting, I cautiously led my horse into a thicket, which I had previously marked, and crept forward, sometimes on my hands and knees, avoiding the enemy, by keeping to the most difficult briar thickets; for a single person can avoid dangers where a platoon would surely be captured.

I was advancing a foot at a time, when I heard the click of a musket-lock and the sharp command, "Halt! who goes there?" I flattened myself on the ground and listened intently. Was it an enemy call or that of our own men? I felt sure by the accent that it was the latter, and answered, "A friend with the countersign," and standing erect found a Continental soldier on guard.

After satisfying him, I asked, "Where can I find your general?"

"Where the toughest fighting is," he replied,

and then pointing out to me the direction, added, "He is a fighter, if nothing else."

I found General Sullivan with some difficulty, and gave him Washington's orders.

After a few questions about the situation at other parts of the line, he wrote a word or two with a pencil by the light of a lantern, and handed it to me saying:

"Tell General Washington, with my compliments, that I have already fallen back as far as prudent; there is no safe place here, anyway, for the enemy is practically surrounding me. If I can not extricate my force I must surrender."

Adopting the same precautions as those by which I had come, I at last succeeded in reaching my commander and delivering my message.

After reading the paper, listening to my verbal report, and asking a few questions, he ordered, "Ride to General Sterling, and say it is important to my plans that he should hold on as tenaciously as possible, even at the risk of capture, making offensive returns, and that I am sending him reinforcements."

Daylight had come, but with it no abatement of the terrific storm of rain and wind, as I went forward to deliver my message.

I succeeded in finding General Sterling, and delivered the orders. "I have no time to make a proper detailed reply," he replied; and then

gave me the situation verbally, by which I learned that Colonel Huntington (my Norwich acquaintance) had successfully repelled one attack, but that the enemy was pressing him and that any permanent success was improbable.

There was no abatement of the storm, but the tempest that had seemed so distressing made the enemy take to their tents and caused them to be less vigilant.

On again reaching Washington I found him under the shelter of a tree issuing orders as calmly as when at headquarters at Cambridge.

During that momentous day I accompanied him through the mud and flooded trenches without a respite of sleep or rest. Nothing appeared to disturb his placidity or relax his constant vigilance; cheering and advising his officers and men, he appeared to see and correct everything that was wrong and approved that which was commendable. He directed the strengthening of the defenses, censured slackness in discipline, and encouraged his men by personal words.

While he undoubtedly knew the impossibility of holding this position, it was evident that he intended to make its capture as costly and difficult as possible.

When he learned of the surrender of General Sullivan, and later of the capture of General Sterling and other forces, it did not appear to

dishearten him though these officers and men were among the best of his army. For forty-eight hours, in storm and rain, he made the sentry rounds in the flooded trenches.

The storm that had driven the enemy to its tents he used to further his own plans, for he had before this determined to withdraw his army from Long Island to the New York shore.

He had previously ordered General Mifflin to impress every craft fit for transportation and get it down to New York as soon as possible, disguising his purpose so it might appear that they were to bring reinforcements instead of to retreat. By his foresight he provided that they should be manned by men experienced with boats from the coast towns of Massachusetts. He gave orders also to Quartermaster Hughes and Commissary General Trumbull to impress every craft that could convey troops and munitions and have them in the East River on time.

Not until then, after making all his plans in detail, did he call a council of his officers, all of whom voted for retreat.

At eight o'clock in the evening of the 29th, all his troops were ordered under arms as though about to attack. Then, leaving some of his best regiments in the trenches under command of General Mifflin to keep up an appearance of

resistance, he began the withdrawal of his army.

Trusted officers were posted on the Brooklyn shore to superintend the embarkment. From early evening until morning, in storm and darkness—the least disciplined of his troops going first—the men were marched to the Brooklyn coast.

For a time I was on duty seeing that the boats were not overloaded. It was a perilous passage. The swift tide and heavy wind combined to make the crossing difficult and dangerous in the extreme.

Despite this, we managed a swift conveyance of troops and material. At last, the elements as though discouraged at opposing so much persistency, began to favor the transportation. After midnight, the wind went down, the tide favorably changed, and the passage of troops and munitions went swiftly forward until every cannon and all munitions that could be drawn through the mud to the Brooklyn shore were conveyed to the New York side.

But on the verge of safety, disaster threatened! By an almost calamitous misunderstanding the troops holding the trenches were ordered to be withdrawn!

Turning to me as the nearest aide at hand Washington commanded, "Captain Gregory,

ride with all possible haste to General Mifflin, and say that his troops must at once return to their posts."

I knew the way, and so did my horse, and in less than twenty minutes had delivered the order. The guard line was reëstablished before the enemy discovered their absence. This I reported soon after to our commander.

When the quick retirement of the remaining troops and material was assured, I was again sent to General Mifflin—this time with orders for his rapid and silent withdrawal.

Then the troops that had guarded the retreat, holding each other's hands for safety, in the darkness descended the steep heights that led to Brooklyn Ferry and were speedily embarked.

When they were on boats my commander, motioning for me to go first, stepped on board and the boat was pushed from the shore. He was the last man of his army to embark.

CHAPTER XVIII

SPIED UPON BY THE ENEMY

ALTHOUGH I often served General Washington, I still remained on duty as aide to General Putnam, riding with orders to different parts of the line. He was doing all possible to hold Manhattan Island. To this purpose he had constructed across the river an obstruction of logs to prevent the passage of ships up the Hudson; for as he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, "If Howe gets to Albany our Northwestern Army must quit Ticonderoga, or fall a sacrifice."

A novel project was also being considered which had the approval of General Washington, and of which I was first made aware by Job Tucker who came to me one afternoon bristling with the news, and as full of questions as a living interrogation point.

"What's Old Put goin' to do about that there underwater thing they call the 'Turtle'?" he questioned.

"I have never heard about it, Job!"

"Wall, I have," he asserted. "A feller from

Saybrook has contrived a contraption that a feller can set in and row around under water with. He's scared to death of it himself; couldn't be hired to go under water in it; his brother has backed out from taking it, and now a friend of mine from Lyme is going to tackle the job, by gosh, of rowin' that 'marine turtle' under water."

"Who did you say it was, Job?"

"Captain Ezra Lee. General Parsons offered him the job an' he jumped at the chance, an' is crazy about it! This here box turtle of a contraption holds only one man, an' Ezra is goin' down under the British ships an' blow 'em up with bombs!"

On inquiry I found that Job's statement was substantially true. With Washington's approval, Lee had bravely accepted the service offered him by General Parsons, who was his cousin, and one night went down under the hostile fleet in the "Turtle" to find himself blocked from affixing a bomb to the slippery copper sheathing. He did succeed, nevertheless, in exploding a bomb under one of the ships, which so alarmed the fleet as to send them scurrying to the lower harbor. Lee himself escaped safely, to receive the congratulations of Washington; but there the attempt ended.

"Gosh!" was Job's comment; "Ez Lee has

got some grit; but I can find trouble enough in the army without goin' under water fer it!"

From the first, however, the situation of our army in New York was untenable. The entire river front was exposed to incursions which could be made by the enemy more quickly than troops could be concentrated to repel them.

General Putnam advised the fortification of Mount Washington, Harlem Heights, and the Jersey Shore; but nothing could remedy the weakness of his position on New York Island.

Our commander recognized early in the struggle that it was his best policy to fight a defensive war and avoid general action—putting nothing to risk; and to that end never sparing pick and shovel. In this present emergency, however, he foresaw that if his army did not retreat it would either be hemmed in or driven out.

It was soon shown that it was the intention of the enemy to take positions in our rear, while their war craft held the front, and this action forced a quick decision.

On the 10th of September Washington began the removal of valuable stores as a preparation for final retreat from the city. On the 13th several war craft passed up the East River and under cover of a severe cannonade the British began landing troops at Kip's Bay.

I had been sent to communicate with that part of the line and was a witness of the shameful demoralization of our troops there: they broke and ran at the first contact with the enemy and, in some instances, at the mere rumor of their coming.

"What are you running for?" I rebuked one of them who had thrown away his musket and baggage to increase his speed.

"Because I haven't got a horse to ride!" was his almost breathless reply, as I drove my horse across his path to stop his retreat.

"We are surrounded!" cried another whose coat-tails instead of his musket were pointing toward the enemy.

The panic was contagious: men who proved their courage on other fields, yielding to unreasoning fear, threw away their muskets and baggage, and ran like terror-stricken sheep with wolves on their track, while the enemy was scarcely in sight.

The needless loss in prisoners and material, including tents, camp kettles, and other articles needful for the comfort of soldiers made them rue their foolish panic for many a day.

As a result of this break in the American lines, the British troops on the afternoon of the 14th of September occupied Murray Hill and began

to establish posts across the island from Bloomingdale to Hell Gate. At four o'clock that same afternoon our flag disappeared from Fort George, leaving the British in undisturbed possession of New York Island.

Putnam's troops of five thousand men that had covered the retreat, with other forces of our army, were by nightfall established on Harlem Heights. The day following, our men labored with pick and shovel to strengthen this post, in the pelting rain, and with the additional discomfort of having no tents or cooking utensils to protect and comfort them when their work was done.

Our men had seen the foolishness of their needless panic, and sooner than one would suppose recovered their courage. For on the morning of the 16th, when the enemy had advanced with about a thousand men, they fought them staunchly.

"Now is your chance to show the Hessians," taunted General Putnam, "that you are men, not sheep!" And they did,—bravely attacking the enemy in the open field.

It was during this spirited affair that an incident occurred which especially concerns my story. During the skirmishing I had ridden to a rail fence skirted by brush occupied by our men, when I encountered Job Tucker holding by

the collar an uneasy, squirming prisoner, as I supposed, though he was in citizen dress, as were most of our Continental troops.

"See here, Cap!" he exclaimed, "don't you know this feller? I caught him screamin' out, 'The Hessians are after us! They'll murder the whole of us! They don't take any prisoners!' and all such tarnation stuff to set our boys to runnin'! I jest caught him an' he's a spy, I guess."

"Aren't you assuming things hard to prove, Job?"

"Gosh no, Cap. Don't you know him?" asked Job, and then explained: "He is the same chap that has been nosing around after you. An' a feller told me he saw him in the muss when the boys run the other day, yellin' out about the Hessians being after them, and such dummed stuff."

I recognized him at once. He was the intrusive stranger that I had met on my way while riding from Norwalk to New York; and one of the men, I had reason to believe, who had fired at me on Long Island.

"Keep hold of him, Job," I cautioned; "don't let him get away."

"He's as slippery as an eel," said Job giving him an extra twist of his coat collar, and almost jerking him from his feet.

All the assurance which had characterized him

at our first meeting appeared to have deserted the fellow, and he was abject, trembling and thoroughly frightened.

"Stand up like a man!" commanded Job, at the same time jerking at the man's collar so as to make the command impossible to obey.

"Now you tell Captain Gregory," continued Job, "what you were doing spying on him and skulking around here?"

At the word spy the man winced and protested, "I am not a spy; I am a British citizen."

"Then what are you doing among our soldiers?" I sternly questioned.

"I got caught among them while I was coming from the shore where our troops landed."

"Do you mean King George's soldiers?"

He trembled at having fallen into a trap. Then turning to me with an assumption of boldness he said: "You get me out of this, and I'll tell you something you'd like to know."

"What is it about?" I asked sharply; for my duties did not allow me to linger.

"There's a fellow in Boston who paid me and three other men to keep an eye on you. I'm not spying on the army. I'm working for him."

"Why don't he do such jobs himself?" I replied in disgust. For I instantly sensed some of Bob Leaming's rascality. "Take him to headquarters," I commanded Job; "possibly General

Putnam may get some information from him."

And Job led his squirming, resisting prisoner away, saying over his shoulder as he left,

"I ain't in favor of hangin' this chap without more evidence, but I think a smart lickin' would do him good."

I made no reply, but as our folks had just got word of the hanging of Captain Nathan Hale, as a spy, I doubt if he got away with a whole skin.

CHAPTER XIX

I BECOME AN AIDE TO WASHINGTON

ON the twelfth of October, General Howe began a movement from the coast of Long Island across Hudson River, where his shipping lay, with the purpose of cutting off the American army from New York and New England; a movement which, if successful, would also put him in water communication with New York.

While the British army advanced with this design, Washington abandoned Manhattan Island, leaving a small garrison at Fort Washington—a hastily and roughly constructed earthwork—and forwarded all needed supplies to White Plains. Moving his army along the west banks of the Bronx River, he established earthworks so as to form a chain of posts the whole distance, with the purpose of pressing his enemy to the coast. This wise action enabled him not only to operate on shorter interior lines but also to choose his own ground to fight his enemy.

The British advance was by no means easy; along the narrow Bronx, now swollen by rains,

were steep hills densely wooded, encumbered with entangling underbrush, briar and thorn, and furnishing lurking places for hostile riflemen. The roads were rough and poor, and the whole situation such as gave American soldiers who hung upon their flank an opportunity to harass and hinder their march, if not entirely to prevent it.

I was detailed to take charge of our men operating on a part of the road over which the Hessian cavalry was passing. As an inducement to our riflemen, a hundred dollars was offered to any one who should bring in an armed cavalryman and his horse.

In this game I had some advantage as I was skilled in rifle practice and knew how to take advantage of an enemy by ambuscade. My men were established as systematically as possible, and having previously been over the ground I knew its by-paths and roads even where almost obliterated by briar patches and undergrowth.

I was standing by my horse with my pistols ready, while a rifle, which I might need, stood against a rock where I sheltered myself, when a Hessian trooper came hurriedly tramping through the brush. Before he saw me I had him covered.

"Halt!" I commanded, "put up your hands!

Now right about face, and put your hands behind you."

He reluctantly obeyed; and first disarming him I tied his hands behind him, and had him at my mercy. But what was I to do with him? I could not leave my post, and could not kill a disarmed enemy, and had no inclination to do so unless greater peril to my life should urge it.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye as though calculating his chances of an escape by a sudden rush. Taking my rifle I bade him beware. He evidently saw that I intended to use it.

I was perplexed as to what to do about my prisoner, and almost regretting his possession, when Job Tucker with two horses and a Hessian trooper came bustling through the bushes, sweating and glowing with pride and excitement.

"Hullo, Job!" I called in a low tone, "Don't make so much noise; the enemy have got ears as well as arms."

"Jerusalem!" he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper as loud as an ordinary voice, "but I've had a good time! I got three of them, but one got away on his legs. I let my old hoss go to pasture where he pleased, now I've got a better one. An' see here," he continued shaking a flask of gin, "that's some schnapps!"

"Look out, Job," I cautioned, "or it will kick worse than one of your horses."

"Gosh yes!" he admitted. "I took a swaller and it scorched all the way down like a streak of lightnin'."

"Take this Hessian of mine and your own and go straight down that road and you will find headquarters at the fork. Ask them to send an aide with you to help me take care of prisoners, and then report to me again."

He rode away escorting both prisoners and soon reported back with a sergeant to assist me; but as Job declared, we found the Hessians scarce.

I was satisfied with my day's work. The enemy had by no means had it all their own way, and had found that the use of Hessian troopers, on which they had so much relied, a hindrance rather than a help. But above all, the terror that at first had been inspired in our men by mounted Hessians proved but a bugbear, and became a subject of derision.

I was not a little proud at the manner I had acquitted myself in directing the fight against the Hessian troopers, and was gratified that as a result of my report of Job's conduct at that time, he was made a sergeant, and assigned to mounted scout duty; just the service he liked best and was best fitted for.

The situation of our army, in spite of some transient advantages gained, was discouraging. In a council of war held by Washington, October 6th, it was determined that "as the obstructions of the Hudson River had proved impotent against the passage of the enemy's ships, it was impossible to prevent their cutting off our communications . . . and also that Fort Washington be held as long as possible, to hinder the enemy." On the 2nd, Washington established his headquarters at White Plains on Chatterton Hill, and directed the strengthening of its defences.

Several times I met him riding there, with the immovable, but placid expression on his face so characteristic of him when resolved on a bold course of action, or again with abstracted look and bowed head as though working out in his mind some perplexing problem.

On one such meeting he reined in his horse and returning my salute asked, "Captain Gregory, would you like to be transferred to other duties?"

"I am willing to obey your orders, General, whatever they are."

"I am in need of such an officer as you under my personal direction," he said.

What a thrill his quiet words gave me! I bowed consent and said, "It would please me very much."

As a result of this, in a few days I was transferred by his order from Putnam's staff to Washington's immediate command. It was the one service of all others that I would have chosen—and even now as I chronicle it I cannot conceal a glow of pride.

That I admired and reverenced him above all men does not convey in full my regard for him; for words are impotent to record so deep a respect and love. This was common to all who came under his influence. And now I was to fight by his side! I felt that I would cheerfully go to my death with him.

The military situation at that time was acute; the superiority of the enemy in discipline, arms and equipment was almost overwhelming. But despite these gloomy conditions our commander stood firm. He was in one of those moods when he invited battle. His forces, at least in numbers, equaled his enemy; his position at Fort Washington was strong, and he desired to infuse confidence and hopefulness in his troops by a possible victory. It was worth the venture.

The battle began with a cannonade which had little effect on either army.

General Howe, with the purpose of dislodging the Americans, charged up the difficult hill on which rested our fortifications. He was met by a sharp fire from our riflemen, and a well di-

rected cannonading from two guns commanded by Captain Alexander Hamilton. While the British wavered under this cross attack the Hessian troops under Rahl dashed forward with sudden impetus capturing the summit.

Our troops overwhelmed, fell back to a position which Washington had prepared in advance, and where the enemy could not pursue without being isolated from their main army.

A storm of wind and rain came up, under cover of which Washington fell back the next night to Castle Heights where twice their force could not dislodge him.

Forts Washington and Lee on the opposite side of the river effectively barred Howe's communications with New York by land, hence it was necessary for him to capture them. On the 5th of November, by the use of flatboats and barges, he moved on Fort Washington, reaching Kingsbridge by way of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The result was inevitable and Fort Washington surrendered after a brief contest. The capture of Fort Lee soon followed. Thus our army was driven, with loss of material and prestige, from New York and its vicinity.

Our position which before this was critical now became almost hopeless. We had but three thousand effective men composed mostly of militia, whose term of service was about to expire.

They were ill armed, worse clad, and almost without cooking utensils or blankets or tents. In a hurried retreat from Hackensack we were forced to abandon much of this equipment.

It was under these conditions that the American army fell back toward Newark.

Urging General Lee, whom he had left with a division at North Castle to join him, and making earnest request for reinforcements, Washington retreated to New Brunswick and then to Trenton, the British army under Cornwallis following closely all the way.

I remember that as we passed through Newark I was sent back with an urgent message to the rearguard; and so close was the enemy upon our flank that some of the first line fired at me. As I rode along I made a fair target, and if the British could have shot as accurately as our own men, I would not be penning these lines today.

CHAPTER XX

A HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE

WITH the forced retreat through New Jersey the sun of American independence seemed about to go down forever. Lord Cornwallis in order to hasten the collapse of our cause promised pardon and protection to those who should return to their allegiance to British rule. Many men of large estates did so, believing the cause of American liberty doomed, while the middle classes and poor remained firm to the patriot cause, refusing to take advantage of the enemy's proclamation.

It was soon apparent to those who had submitted to the enemy that the remedy for their ills was illusive. The English gave little heed to their promise of protection, but behaved arrogantly, and with all the insolence of conquerors. Homes were invaded, provisions seized, women ill-treated, and the promised safeguard proved a mockery. Under such conditions these people began to regret their submission.

Before an enemy of thirty thousand men, well equipped and flushed with success, Washington,

with his wretchedly appointed army, destitute and miserable, continued to fall back.

Winter was setting in, and the British commander, comtemptuous of an enemy whom he expected to destroy at his convenience and leisure, did not contemplate the inconvenience of a winter campaign, but disposed his troops in scattered cantonments, without regard to any natural support or security.

Washington was quick to see this opportunity and to plan a way to turn it to his advantage. Not once as I rode along by his side had I ever heard him acknowledge defeat. Instead, I was amazed to hear him calmly planning an attack with his ragged troops.

"For now," he said, "that their wings are spread, is the time to clip them."

"Captain Gregory," he said turning to me suddenly, "I am about to require from you a service in which I must rely absolutely upon your discretion. The condition of our army requires great efforts and possibly great sacrifices. I am about to attack the enemy at an unexpected quarter; and it is needful to my plans first to procure correct and minute information. I wish to obtain through you the exact number of troops and their location at Bordentown and Trenton. I leave you to select men in whom you have full confidence to assist you. All details as to the

manner in which this is to be done I leave to your discretion. Can I depend on you for this duty?"

"With my life, General," I replied thrilled and proud of his confidence.

Then he informed me of several patriots inside the British lines to whom I could look for assistance in case of necessity.

I at once requested a detail for this service of several men upon whom I could rely. Among these were Sergeants Job Tucker, Stephen Betts, John Buxton, and a young Norwalk man named Homer Byington.

I instructed my men to divest themselves of all that could identify them as soldiers; not even allowing them or myself a pistol or hunting knife for protection. I carried for defense only a riding whip with loaded handle.

To Sergeant Betts I gave, with two trusted men of his own chosing and of my approval, the task of finding out about the cantonment at Bordentown.

For myself, with Private Byington and Sergeant Tucker, I assumed the more important and dangerous task of obtaining information about the troops and encampment under Colonel Rahl at Trenton.

"Gosh!" protested Job, "ain't I going to have my own horse?"

"No," I answered, "it is a Hessian horse and

might be recognized." But he was given the choice of a dozen good horses from the headquarters stable.

"Now, Job," I said, "remember that you are a Jersey farmer who works on my farm, and that I am Charles Van Winkle who has an estate above the falls on the Passaic River; and that we have submitted to the British government and put our property and persons under its protection."

Without incident worthy of recording here, I crossed the Delaware at McConkey Ferry, and had an understanding with the ferryman there to make ready for me in case I returned in hurry and in peril. He assented to my orders with a nod of his head, and I felt greater confidence in him because he did not talk.

We found no difficulty in passing the guards and reaching Trenton and the Hessian encampment. We left our horses just outside the guard, and with Byington in care of them went to Colonel Rahl's headquarters and requested an interview on business.

"So far, so easy," I remarked as we passed through the town.

"By thunder, yes!" retorted Job, "It's a darned sight easier sometimes to get into a bumble-bee's nest than to get out again."

"If we don't get out again it will be worse for us than a bumble-bee nest!" I retorted.

He said not a word in reply, but I saw him begin to sweat, cold as it was.

I wrote my assumed name on a card and sent it in to Colonel Rahl, and was, with Job, admitted to his presence.

"What is your name and business?" interrogated that officer, turning sharply upon me.

"I am Charles Van Winkle, sir," I replied, "as my card has informed you, and this is my servant, Job Tucker. My business is to obtain a contract, if possible, to supply your troops with provisions."

"Why do you wish to sell to us?"

"To confess the truth, Colonel," I declared steadily, "there is no other desirable market for my produce."

"What have you to supply?"

I took a memorandum from my pocket and carefully laid it before him, explaining, "I anticipated such an inquiry, you perceive, and am prepared to answer your very natural question."

"Have you dealt with the rebels ever?"

"Yes, Colonel," I confessed boldly, "but not since I have given assurance of loyalty to the British government and put myself and property under their promised protection."

He eyed me suspiciously as I made this answer.

I was disappointed in Colonel Rahl; having expected to find in him an easy-going, careless gentleman, and not the keen-eyed, energetic soldier that confronted me. Under other conditions of mind than that which possessed me, I might have been daunted and confused by his dominating personality. But in my mood I was indifferent to danger and reckless of anything but attaining success in my mission. Everything was merged in this desire.

"From your estate," commented Colonel Rahl, "You cannot possibly furnish supplies except in a very limited way."

"No," I agreed, "but I can command those of my neighbors and friends, with whom I am a man of influence and trust. If nothing more, I can supply from my farm, as you will see by the list before you, sufficient poultry, eggs, sweet-cured smoked bacon, beef, lamb and vegetables for the officers of your command."

"I have under my command less than two thousand men, say one thousand five hundred in this cantonment. I will be glad to have you supply my officers' mess. How soon can you let me have a memorandum of your ability to supply my troops?"

"Soon as I have conferred with my neighbors,"

I replied, "and can assure you in advance that I am willing to sign a contract now with that in view. But if you insist I will return as soon as possible with a list of supplies that can be positively relied upon. I may be able to give this in two weeks or before, and by Christmas anyway."

"Before I leave," I added, at the conclusion of this business, "I have some information to communicate. It may be of consequence and it may not. It has been hinted to me by a rebel officer that you are to be attacked as soon as the weather moderates."

"Oh ho!" he laughed sarcastically, "that is news indeed!"

"Well," I said apologetically, "I considered it my duty to tell you what I have heard; it may be mere talk or rumor."

"Thank you, Mr. Van Winkle, for your good intentions; it shows your loyalty if nothing else," he said extending his hand in parting. But there was something with all his cordiality of speech that made me suspicious of him; I did not like the look in his eye.

We parted with the understanding that I was to return in the course of three weeks and conclude my contract and give bonds for its performance.

When I reached my horse with Job, I was

confronted by a fat-faced Hessian officer with the question: "Where did you get that horse?"

"Raised him," I replied looking him in the eye sternly.

"Oh," he retorted impudently, "we will see about that, sir."

"If you care to," I replied, making a motion for Job and Byington to mount as I had done, "but just at present I am in a hurry. Meanwhile this list of provisions will explain my errand to Colonel Rahl," and with this remark I brushed away his hand from my horse's bridle.

"You don't ride like a farmer," he persisted. "I noticed it when you rode into camp."

"Thank you," I replied, "I flatter myself that I ride well; I was born almost in a saddle. Please stand aside, sir!"

But he did not obey and clutched at my bridle resolutely.

I made a motion for Job and Byington to go on.

When in danger thought moves with lightning speed. I felt rather than reasoned that his conduct was not without orders.

With a quick movement I reversed my whip and brought the loaded end crashing on to his skull, and at the same time was off like a flash, spurring my horse to action and crying, "Ride for your lives, men!"

WE DID NOT SLACKEN OUR PACE

I had not gone far before a sentinel attempted to stop us. He brought up his musket crying, "Halt!" I swerved my horse and drove over him, striking him as I went.

There was now a hue and cry behind us. I heard the sharp crack of rifles and the buzz of bullets; but we did not slacken our pace. The ferryman saw us coming, threw out his gang-plank, and we were soon all aboard. I took one of the oars, Job another, the ferryman steered, while Byington assumed a threatening air over him, as the enemy reached the shore and called upon him to return.

The advance horsemen had only pistols and we were soon beyond their range.

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Job, "but that was some streaking!"

"Yes," I assented, "but it would have been some hanging if we hadn't streaked!"

"Gosh yes!" said Job; "that critter of a Hessian wanted your horse!"

We were on the eastern banks of the Delaware by this time, and the Hessians could not reach us without boats. So the rest of the way back to our own camp was easy.

CHAPTER XXI

A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE OF ARMS

THROUGH my adventurous visit to Colonel Rahl's camp at Trenton I had been able to locate accurately his forces, his measures for defense, and from his own lips had learned the number of his troops, and much other information of value to Washington, in his proposed attack.

We were charged to say nothing of our visit to anyone, but Job seemed possessed at every moment when alone with me to talk about it.

"Gosh!" he said, "I don't know what kind of snuff the General is up to, but if he thinks of shooting up that Hessian camp, seems to me he's got a sneezer."

"Hush up, Job!" I cautioned. "Some one will hear you."

"Ain't a feller never goin' to be allowed to say nothin', after puttin' his head in the lion's mouth, as a feller might call it?"

"Wait, Job," I said, "and if I am not mistaken you will soon have enough you can talk about to use up all the breath you may have to spare."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Job, "You don't really think a cautious feller like our General will dare to—?"

"Shut up, Job!" I ordered sharply; "and don't, on your peril, ever mention anything you suspicion again. Keep your mouth shut before you spill your wits and do harm."

"Jerusalem, Cap! can't a feller think out loud after goin' through a scrape that scared him to death?"

"Wait," I said in a low voice, "and you'll get a chance, if I am not mistaken, to talk about something worth while. Don't open your mouth about your suspicions again. If you blab any more I will put you in the stocks!"

Washington had commented on the thoroughness of my report, and I was so vain as to believe that the failure of the other divisions afterwards was caused for the want of just such minute information.

December, 1776, was perhaps the most critical period during the American war. The constant retreat of our forces had brought morale to a low ebb. It looked as though the revolution had been crushed. But out of the disaster to our army some good had resulted. The public saw that further sacrifices were imperative; and Congress learned the necessity of leaving the conduct of the war in the hands of its Commander-in-Chief.

Adversity unbound the hands of Washington from interference that had hitherto weakened his power to achieve decisive results.

The headquarters of our army at this time was at Newtown. Washington's plan for attack on the British—as made in a secret session which I was fortunate enough to attend, because of my visit to Rahl's camp,—was as follows: A division under General Cadwalader was to cross the Delaware at Bristol; a second division under General Irving was to cross at Trenton Ferry; and a third under Washington himself was to cross the river at McConkey Ferry which was not far from headquarters.

But the first two divisions failed in their purpose. General Cadwalader through not understanding the state of the tide failed to effect a landing, because of the heaps of ice that encumbered the shore. General Irving did not get his boats through the ice on the river, and gave it up in the belief that Washington would be equally unsuccessful. Thus both auxiliary forces failed the Commander-in-Chief. His division alone was to make a historic passage and achieve a brilliant victory.

It was cold and cloudy with threatening storm as we were drawn up on parade in the gathering darkness of the evening. The password given out by Washington himself to me, to pass along

to the various captains reflected his grim determination. It was, "Victory or death!"

There were twenty-five hundred men in our ranks. Some were young soldiers just entering upon their career, careless of danger because they knew nothing of it. Others were old soldiers in rags and whose shoes imperfectly protected their feet from the frozen ground; men who had kept their faith since first they stood fire at Breed's Hill. All were ill-clad; even their worn blankets poorly protecting them from the severity of the cold.

Among the officers were the brave Stark, of Bunker Hill; the intrepid Glover, of Marblehead, who with keen sailor's gleam had safely directed our boats in the retreat from Long Island to the New York shores; Webb and William Washington and James Monroe—tried men of faith and constancy; and many another man of desperate resolution, undaunted by trial and danger. Washington had infused into them something of his own faith and courage for this desperate chance.

The order was to cross the river. Instructions were short, imperative, and perilous of execution. The current was swift. A thaw of several days had loosened the ice and set it adrift in blocks endangering our boats. It was exceedingly ticklish work.

I was one of the first to cross, as it devolved upon me to show the way. After I had crossed with my horse, which I put in charge of Private Homer Byington, I recrossed with Captain Glover to assist in the conveyance of the artillery.

The passage with guns was perilous. With preponderating weight above the boat gunwales it made them top-heavy and unsteady. At one time while I was steering with an oar a gun got loose and, rolling forward, was checked by a handspike, only to roll back crashing through the oarsmen to the stern! Here fortunately it was stopped and fixed in place without further injury than breaking thwarts and bruising several of our men.

It was three o'clock in the morning before the guns were landed, and not until an hour afterward that we began our march on Trenton.

It was an unusually cold night. The snow that had begun to fall earlier, now, as we began the march, gave place to blinding sleet and stinging hail with a fierce wind from the north. At Bear Tavern, after a march of a mile or more, we reached the direct road to Trenton. Facing the bitter gale, freezing and shivering, the frozen sleet gathering on our clothing, faces, and muskets, we reached Birmingham, four miles further on our way.

The very elements seemed unfriendly, and yet they were actually aiding us to surprise the foe. Word came from General Sullivan to Washington, "Our muskets are wet!"

"Tell your General," ordered Washington, "they must use their bayonets. We must get to the enemy in the town. It *must* be taken!"

At this point General Sullivan's division took the river road with only four miles further march to make. Washington and General Green, with their forces, turned to the left on the Scotch road and were soon in Pennington, one mile from Trenton.

I marched on foot leading my horse. It kept up circulation, for there was danger of freezing. Most of us were in direful plight. The sleet that had saturated our clothing was frozen by the cold, literally encrusting us, in many cases, in ice. Beards were frozen except where our warming breath thawed at mouth and nostrils.

But when the enemy pickets were encountered on the main road a short distance from Trenton and fled before our advance, hardships were forgotten, as we hurriedly pursued. Dashing ahead of us into the camp they gave the alarm, and instantly the sleeping army burst into uproar like an angry hornet's nest. But the Hessians had partaken of a bountiful Christmas dinner, and their eyes were heavy with sleep.

As their officers tried to form them into line they obeyed sluggishly.

Our men advanced with fierce exulting cries, "We've got 'em! Drive them! Down with the Hessians!" There was desultory firing from the enemy, to which our men replied by rushing forward with fixed bayonets and scattering musket fire.

Colonel Knox had now, under Washington's direction, got a battery of six guns at the angle that unites King and Queen Streets running southward, and opened fire down both of these streets upon the Hessians.

The enemy took post for a time in a large house at the junction of the streets; but the American artillery and riflemen soon drove them out. When they stopped to form on the open spaces, our artillery scattered them like autumn leaves before a gale. They were under the disadvantage that the range of their muskets did not avail them against the greater range of our artillery.

At one point when brave Colonel Rahl attempted to get two guns into action, our men under Lieutenant Monroe charged, driving away the gunners and capturing the guns before the Hessians could rally to protect them.

The Hessian forces were now in a hopeless position. Colonel Stark by capturing the bridge,

had cut off their retreat towards Bordentown, then swinging around marched up Assanpink Creek. General Sullivan entered the town on Front and Second Streets. The enemy, between two fires, was hopelessly entrapped and beaten and their commander killed. Forced into the open field the whole command surrendered.

The American losses in battle were light beyond belief; only two were killed and three wounded, and two of the latter were officers, which showed that they actually led in the fight.

The battle was over in an hour; its fruits of victory were a thousand or more prisoners; the rejuvenation of the American cause with hope and renewed confidence, and consequent loss of confidence of its foes. The sun of American liberty, so long dimmed by clouds of defeat, once more appeared in brighter skies.

Our men were exultant. They got good food from the Hessian barracks and warmth from their fires. Their triumphant success in the face of discouragement, of storm and cold and exhaustion, was such as only heroes led by a hero experience.

But their task was not completed. They were yet to make a counter march through the snow in the intense cold to the point from which they had started. With a thousand Hessian prisoners we reached headquarters at Newtown

at nightfall that day; having marched thirty miles since the evening before.

Many were suffering from frozen hands and feet and a collapse of energies as a result of that march and battle; but their souls were glowing with pride and exaltation, in their great victory.

Job Tucker complained bitterly of his toes that the "gol-darned red-coats had put a crimp in at Breed's Hill. Them two toes," he complained, "are finished for life. They never will amount to shucks as toes ag'in; the darned cold has taken all the gimp out of them."

"Can't anything be done for them?" I sympathetically inquired.

"Gosh! not that I know of. Some of Matilda's doughnuts might help a little."

"But think of the glory we got in that fight, Job!" I reminded.

"Glory!" he repeated, with a sniff of contempt, " 'tain't worth a darn for frost-bites!"

And that was the opinion of more than one victim of frozen fingers and toes among those that marched on Trenton that Christmas night.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

FOLLOWING the Battle of Trenton I had seasons of illness. Though they did not appear to be serious my friend, General Mercer, thought they indicated a collapse of energy that might prove dangerous.

Between Hugh Mercer and myself there had sprung up a friendship that grew stronger the more we saw of each other. He had been bred as a surgeon in the armies of Europe and was a practising physician in Virginia when the war for Independence began. He enlisted to serve his adopted country, and since that time had steadily advanced in rank and in the good opinion of Washington, with whom he had previously served in border wars. He was a fine swordsman, and we had many friendly fencing bouts.

Mercer declared, very emphatically, that my physical condition required attention. We had been engaged in a friendly contest, and he was about to leave when Sergeant Job Tucker came into my quarters excitedly waving a paper ex-

claiming, "Say, Captain Gregory, I guess you want to see this. It's good for frost bites!"

"Don't you see, Sergeant," I reproved, "that there is a general officer present?"

"Gosh, yes," he acknowledged coming to a salute, and explaining, "excuse me, General, but I've got a letter from my girl."

"That's excuse enough, my good man," replied the General laughing heartily; and still smiling he shook hands with me and departed.

This little incident is impressed on my mind for it was the last time that I saw him alive.

We were soon on our way through the mud of a midwinter thaw; and on the first day of January, 1777, were once more at Trenton.

Since the battle of Trenton our army had gained in morale, and also in numbers, and now had five thousand men in its ranks. The spirit of resistance was fully awakened in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and with it greater confidence in final success.

Information had been received that the British Army, now thoroughly aroused, was on its way from Brunswick under General Cornwallis to attack us.

Washington saw at once that all he had gained would be sacrificed by a hasty withdrawal; and that his enemy might by crossing the river in swift movement capture Philadel-

phia. He therefore fell back on the approach of the British to Assanpink Creek, now swollen by thaw and rain.

At the bridge he established several pieces of artillery, supported by reliable troops, with guards at the fords and other places along the creek to observe the enemy. A mile in advance, near Trenton and Five Mile Creek, Colonel Hand and his riflemen and other supports held good defensive positions. The thaw that had set in made the movement of troops over muddy roads, slow and difficult.

The British, eager to retrieve their defeat at Trenton, were pressing upon the heels of the American army, to attack and overwhelm it; an onset which Washington's army largely made up of militia and raw recruits was little able to withstand.

General Green opened a sharp fire with his advanced artillery and succeeded in holding them back until it was too late for the British to assail that day. It was sunset before Cornwallis began to press the American lines at Assanpink Creek.

In attempting to assault he found his enemy so alert and determined that he was checked in three separate efforts to force a passage at the bridge. Sending back for reinforcements he gave over the attempt until morning, confident

that he would "bag the old fox at last." But the fox did not wait to be bagged.

When darkness set in, Washington left his sentries to stand watch, and keep his camp-fires burning; then by a circuitous march through Allentown he proceeded to Princeton, in the rear of the British.

The elements favored the Americans. Instead, as was feared, of being obliged to leave artillery, baggage and munitions, because of the depth of the muddy road, intense cold set in, freezing the ground, so as to give a solid surface for the marching troops.

Though our men looked upon this as providential, it was a great hardship. Many of them without shoes left bloody tracks on the frozen ground, but though shivering in the piercing winter blasts, they pressed on.

When morning came Cornwallis learned to his astonishment and dismay that Washington was threatening the British supplies at Princeton.

Our Commander had learned that the great magazine of British stores at Brunswick was imperfectly guarded, and hoped to capture them. His advance reached Stoney Creek about sunrise the next morning, reformed its columns, sent word to General Mercer to hurry his march

by the Quaker road to the left, and thus quicken the move on Brunswick.

While advancing to destroy the bridges on the creek, and thus retard pursuit from Trenton, Mercer was suddenly confronted by British troops that had received the order of Cornwallis to join him. They had reached the summit of a hill, and saw Mercer's small command passing in front of an orchard. The army of Washington was not then in sight.

On recrossing Stoney Creek, Mercer discovered Colonel Manhood's British troops a few hundred yards from him, and hurried his own troops to a fence that crossed the hill, and opened fire. The enemy returned the fire and rushed upon the Americans with the bayonet. Our march-weary men, who had been on foot for hours, broke and fell back to high ground near a Quaker meeting-house.

Washington, whom I had followed, comprehending the critical situation, hurried additional troops with two guns to the scene. They were attacked with such impetuosity that a portion of the line gave way. Realizing that defeat at that time meant the destruction of the last hope of his cause, our Commander spurred his horse far to the front and sat there, under fire between the two lines, like a statue of bronze, immovable.

This desperate appeal found immediate answer. His men rallied, formed in line, and returned the enemy's fire.

I held my breath, expecting the instant death of our Commander, but beheld, as the white sulphur smoke drifted away, Washington unharmed, and the enemy flying in defeat!

As his officers rushed forward, he called out: "Order up the troops and pursue; the day is ours!"

The fighting that followed was sharp and decisive. Abandoning their cannon, the foe took position on high ground where a ravine protected them. Our artillerymen brought up guns and quickly scattered them in flight. The action was as brief as it was momentous. The whole battle occupied but a half hour or less.

However, we lost in that battle valuable officers, among whom was General Mercer, who was mortally wounded and who died in the hands of the enemy. Nor did I escape unscathed: in the last infantry fire at our broken lines a bullet struck me in the left shoulder, a wound which proved serious, though in the excitement of battle I gave it little heed.

The British loss was heavy, exceeding over a hundred killed and wounded, including fourteen officers, with two hundred and thirty prisoners.

Our men were cold, hungry, and worn with

fatigue, and it was not thought prudent to march on Brunswick to capture the enemy stores, where we might encounter the whole British army under Cornwallis. Instead, we pitched camp at Morristown; while the British were content to withdraw to Brunswick, where they could be in touch with New York by water. From being the pursuers, they almost became the pursued. The tables were completely turned.

By judicious retreats, and quick action, at critical moments, our Commander-in-Chief had wrung victory from defeat, and proved himself the peer of the trained generals of the British army.

In the death of Hugh Mercer I had lost a friend whom I have never ceased to regret, as did all who knew this brave Scotchman who served his adopted country so well, and whose future was so full of promise. Mercer had been my friend and medical adviser. In the excitement of the ensuing weeks, I took no care of myself. I was at my chief's side day and night. At last worn by excessive fatigue and exposure, I fell sick with a fever that, coupled with my wound, threatened to be fatal.

CHAPTER XXIII

A CHANGE OF SCENE

I had been very ill. My wound and the fever I had contracted made my case, as old surgeon Sawell declared, "very interesting and serious." He had bled me for having too much blood, again for fever, and still more, as he said, "to start up my failing strength," until with wound, physic, fever, and blood-letting, there was little left of me but bones.

I remained under Sawell's inflictions and care at Morristown until the following May, when Washington was about to move his headquarters; it was then determined to move the Hospital to a place of greater safety.

By order of the surgeon I had been kept from seeing my comrades for a long time; he declaring my strength must not be over-taxed.

"Doctor," I pleaded, "I want to see Sergeant Tucker and the rest of my friends when they come here; it will do me good."

"Possibly," he replied stroking his underlip contemplatively with his forefinger and thumb:

"Sometimes mental changes are as efficient as medication or bleeding."

"They can't weaken me more," I crossly declared.

"It is not surprising, Captain," he retorted stiffly, "that you can not appreciate the beneficent operations of medication and surgery that have saved your life."

He consented, however, to my request, with the precaution that I was not to talk much for fear that excitement might nullify the benefits of medicine. So Job was admitted to see me.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Job, removing his hat at seeing me as though at a funeral, "You are so peaked and pale, I thought at first you was dead!"

"No, Job," I said, "I am all here and alive, but no thanks"—I added, putting a finger to my lips for caution—"to that doctor. I'd been well before this if I could have got away from him."

"Gol ding it!" he declared sympathetically, "you ought to get away from this place."

"Yes," I assented, " 'Twould do me good to smell something cleaner than this hospital air."

"Say, Cap," continued Job, "there's talk of sending some of us Connecticut soldiers to help General Parsons drum up recruits. He's in Hartford now. I guess I can get an order for the duty and take you with us to Norwalk."

"My!" I cried, "I would like that! The very thought of it makes me feel better already. Will you take a message for me to headquarters, Job?"

"You bet your hat!" he exclaimed.

I was too weak to write a letter, and I saw the surgeon scowling in our direction; so I hurriedly whispered to Job that he was to see Washington himself, if possible, or one of his aides, and get me transferred.

The next day as I lay propped up in bed, there was an unusual bustle outside, and in walked my General himself! He acknowledged the salutes and feeble cheers of other sufferers, but came straight to my cot escorted by the now obsequious Sawell.

"My brave fellow!" he cried, as I tried weakly to salute; and he grasped both my hands in his big strong ones. I am not ashamed to say that the tears ran down my cheeks. It was not manly, but I was very weak.

"You were my right hand, Captain Gregory," he said generously, "and in the rush of details I have seemed to overlook you. Now what can I do for you?"

"Sir, I want—to—go—home!" I said feebly. Again my actions seemed like those of a child instead of a man; but my General understood.

He placed one hand on my head, like a father, and turned to the doctor.

"Can Captain Gregory be moved?" he asked crisply.

"Yes," hesitated the surgeon, who really was a good fellow according to his lights, "if he is handled carefully."

"Sergeant Tucker will see to that," said General Washington, and with another word of cheer he left me.

But how different everything seemed after his visit! My blood began to course more warmly through my veins, and the sun seemed to shine more brightly.

My General had come to see me—he had praised me—and I was going home! One has only to be very ill and very downhearted to know what such things mean.

An old family carriage, which had been used to convey ammunition from Princeton, was fixed up for my conveyance with Job's horse and Star Face hitched to it.

At first it seemed that my bones would fall apart with the jolting; but a mattress had been placed in it, and as we receded from the hospital and Doctor Sawell, I began to gain in strength and spirit. Deprived of medicines and bleeding I soon had such a surprising appetite that

Byington, who was also with us, declared that we left a dearth of poultry and eggs wherever the creaking wheels of my carriage were heard. The pure air and cheerful companionship was working marvels in renewing my strength.

We had to go a roundabout road, avoiding New York, to reach Connecticut, but the delay while it irked us also gave me time to gain a little weight and make me more presentable. I was almost like my old self when at last we drove into Norwalk and down the main street. Several of my old friends and neighbors recognized me and hastened forward to grip me by the hand. And when we finally drove into the yard at home, I was greeted by my mother and sister like one restored from the dead. They made a great fuss over me and treated me like a hero.

Father stood back smiling and not saying much after the first firm handclasp. But I noticed that he placed an extra cushion in his own favorite oaken chair, and insisted on my occupying it.

Then after I had rested a bit how our tongues buzzed! I wanted to know all about Norwalk folks, and the family wanted to know all about my doings in the war. I was disposed, like most returned soldiers, to make little of my own doings —there was little to talk about anyway—but I had brought a sounding brass and tinkling cym-

bal back in the shape of Job Tucker. He tried to make them believe that I had won the war of the Revolution thus far, with the aid of Washington!

He embellished our first trip to Trenton with many high lights, and had me killing ten of Rahl's men before we swam the river, with our horses. He chose to forget the ferryboat totally! Then as a climax he described Washington's visit to me in the hospital, largely from hearsay, as Job wasn't present.

I wriggled and squirmed as he proceeded, but finally ended by lying back in the big chair and laughing loudly.

"What an infernal liar you are, Job!" I remonstrated.

"Why—didn't General Washington come to see you?" Mary asked.

"Yes—but—"

"Then there are no buts about it!" she declared emphatically. And she left the room convinced that all the rest of Job's yarn was true!

Soon after our arrival in Norwalk, Job took up the work on the farm and showed no disposition to leave it. He settled down as though he intended to stay for an indefinite time, and now repeated his interminable war yarns to Matilda.

I was sitting on our porch in father's big oaken chair when I heard a row going on in the kitchen,

and Job came bursting out, abashed and in confusion.

"Tilda," he cried, "I thought you loved me!"

"Git eout!" she answered emphatically. "I loves heroes, not fellers that hang back and shirk their job."

"Darn it!" swore Job, rubbing his rumpled hair that looked suspiciously as though it had been pulled, "you might give a feller somethin' to be hopin' for."

"Go back," we heard her say, "and do somethin' better'n to brag about how you stole chickens to feed Captain Gregory!"

By this I saw that Job had got on the wrong tack in trying to sail into Matilda's affections. It had, however, the effect that the next day he took his leave to report to General Parsons for duty.

There were many friendly calls from those I had formerly known; and as I knew about everybody in town, the calls were numerous. Among them was the beaming Jean Jauhaux. I sent greetings to my old master, but had not gained sufficient strength to visit him. I learned that he was ill and failing fast.

It was a fortnight after I had reached home before I recovered strength to visit Mr. Dickinson. The distance was only half a mile, and I

walked it slowly in order to regain the use of my legs.

I found him seated in his big chair before the blaze of his hearthstone. When I went to him with extended hands, his face lit up with a smile as spiritual as I had ever seen on a human countenance. It was as though a radiance of the soul light was shining through the earthly clay from within. He led me to talk of my army life and of Washington as I had seen him in camp and battle.

"He is ordained of God," he said "to build the fabric of a mighty nation of free men."

At parting he gave me his blessing in simple words: "May God prosper and bless you in right doing and right thinking, John!"

As I went out from his presence I felt as though the very air, was fragrant with his saintliness. I never saw him again in life. Before the coming of another summer he had passed away. But the memory of the "Reverend Moses Dickinson, late pastor of the First Church of Christ in Norwalk" (to quote a portion of the epitaph on the ancient stone in the churchyard) rests upon his townspeople like a benediction.

As I plodded my way slowly back home, that day, I went by the road that led past Emily Hoyt's house. I had asked Mary about Emily,

the first chance after reaching home, but Mary for some reason was still provokingly evasive with her replies. She did tell me, however, that Emily was unhappy. Her father was dead, and her mother, who had been an invalid for some time, was almost a Tory.

Mary went on to say that though Mr. Hoyt had been reputed well off, yet in settling his estate after his death, Edward Holly—his former partner and the executor of the estate—declared that there was not enough to pay his debts. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Holly was urging both her and her mother to make their home with him; and had proposed that Emily marry Bob Leaming.

"Some think it very nice in him," she said, "but there are those who believe that he has pillaged the estate."

Then turning to me she said, running her knitting needle deep into her hair, "If you care for Emily, you had better lose no time in telling her so."

"I have never said I cared for her," I replied evasively, "and I don't think she cares anything for me."

"Oh well," said Mary, puckering her mouth and sticking out her chin; "actions speak louder than words, and if you want that old Holly to have his way, don't do anything."

"Why, I hardly know which side she is on," I lied for I had no doubt.

"Neither did you let her know which side you were on, when you were here," Mary reminded me mischievously. "You have a tongue in your head, haven't you?"

It was plain that while my sister might approve of me as a soldier, she didn't think much of me as a ladies' man.

I was pondering all these things today as I walked slowly on, pausing here and there for breath. I wanted to see Emily, and yet my heart sank within me as I neared her home. But I blamed my own physical weakness for this.

"What possible interest will Emily Hoyt have in a poor, broken-down old soldier like me?" I asked myself.

As if in answer, and before I reached her gate, Emily herself appeared coming to greet me with a smile of welcome.

"I heard you were home," she said, after I had told her clumsily how glad I was to see her. "I would have paid the first call, even though improper," she continued, "but for the fact that I have had to stay close by my mother's bedside."

"How is she?" I asked, still drinking in the picture of the lovely girl before me with my eyes; for indeed she was good to look upon.

"She is very weak," answered Emily sadly, "and I am afraid will not be with me much longer. Just now she is asleep. But come, you look tired. Sit upon the porch steps a moment while I get you a glass of milk."

And without waiting for my reply she conducted me to the nearest step and darted into the house. When she came back she brought some biscuit and milk on a tray and placed them on the step before me, then re-entered the house.

When she reappeared it was to bring to me a bunch of home-grown roses and held them out to me with downcast eyes.

"I misjudged you, Jack, when you were at home the last time, and I was wrong in questioning your patriotism! For a fact I never doubted it." And then blushing as she added, "But I wanted you to explain—some things—that puzzled—and—worried me."

I sprang up overturning tray and milk and took both her hands in mine.

"I was to blame for not trusting you," I replied. "It gave me a sore heart for many a day. But what do you mean by the roses you have brought me?" I asked with fear and hope struggling within my breast.

Before she could reply the gate creaked and down the walk came Mr. Holly and Bob Leaming.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE STORM BREAKS ON NORWALK

"WHAT are you doing here, Jack Gregory?" asked Bob crossly, his eyes taking in the upturned tray and the roses.

"I do not recognize your right to inquire," I answered coldly. "That is for Miss Hoyt to ask."

And I took up the bunch of roses, and bowed to her to take charge of the situation. I did not relish a quarrel in her presence. She sensed the moment at once.

"Come, come, Bob," she said coaxingly, "that is no way to greet an old neighbor and a brave soldier! Mr. Holly, have you met my friend Captain Gregory?"

There was ever so slight an emphasis on the words, "my friend," and Mr. Holly had to be polite, whatever his private feelings. He took the tips of my three fingers, and said he had learned that I had served gallantly under Washington.

"Served gallantly!" sneered Bob, determined to provoke a quarrel, especially since he saw

I was too weak to defend myself. "He was a sneaking spy at Boston. I could tell you——"

"For shame, Bob!" interrupted Emily Hoyt; and before the angry flash of her eye he stopped with a muttered apology to her.

It was in my own breast to retort hotly that he himself had been constantly spying against his country instead of for it; and that he had hired murderers to track me. But I am proud to say that I never uttered a word of all this. Instead, gravely saluting Emily and bidding good day to Mr. Holly, I turned and went out the gate.

Bob Leaming—the cur—I did not so much as notice. I left him glaring.

I went down the street in a rebellious mood. Why had she given me the roses if she did not care for me? By what right, I jealously queried, did Bob assume such an air of ownership if she had not encouraged him? Well, I should soon find out!

Absorbed in my own bitter thoughts, I nearly bumped into a soldier further up the town. It was my old friend Steve Betts; he was on France Street examining the ledge of rocks that rises above it.

"Hullo, Lieutenant!" I said, "what are you doing here?"

"I am Captain now," he explained, "and have been assigned to duty for the defense of this

place. What do you think of that," pointing to the upper ledge, "for a place to make a fight?"

"Fine!" I replied, "if the British should happen to attack us here."

"Happen!" he repeated. "There will be fighting here sooner than you expect, or I miss my guess! A few cannon up there would command the whole town. I have heard that Tryon threatens to burn this place, as an example to the rebels in New England."

"Burning a town is a poor way to make war," I replied; "but it isn't the British we have to fear so much as the Tories. Did you hear about their capturing one of our officers who came to see his sick wife and sending him to the prison hulks? And that they captured a minister and his congregation? And now one of them has located me."

"Yes, and it is pretty tough on our folks," admitted Steve, "and I have heard that snake-in-the-grass Bob Leaming planned the affair. I have got a rod in pickle for him; but I don't believe in stirring up a hornets' nest."

"Neither do I," I replied, "unless they come out and sting, then I believe in slapping back."

The position of our army at that time, at Middlebrook, New Jersey, and its strong posts on the highlands of the Hudson, though annoying to the enemy, was not without its weakness.

Commanding the ocean and navigable rivers with their fleet, the British could make quick descent upon distant points; and the coast of New England was especially exposed. Our town only fourteen miles from Long Island offered a shining target.

Though Washington knew that the British were preparing an expedition to draw him from his stronghold, he did not know where the blow would fall.

The blow, as Steve Betts had foreseen, fell on Norwalk, and it was not many weeks in coming.

On Wednesday, July 8th, while at work with father in the haying field, for by that time I was nearly myself again, a horseman rode up exclaiming that Fairfield—the adjoining town—had been burned by the British.

"Our turn will come next!" I said to father.

First finishing out his swath and hanging his scythe on a limb, father said, "John, we must get our defenseless ones to a place of safety and then our goods and cattle. That will leave our hands free to fight."

As we were leaving our work Jim Saunders, a Tory neighbor who had a son in the British army, and thought that that would insure the safety of his property, met us saying, "Rather late to get in your harvest, neighbor. I hear that

you are going to catch it for your wicked disloyalty!"

Father looked him in the face sternly without a word, but afterwards said, quoting from Holy Writ, "I was dumb with silence. I held my peace even from good."

We sent a general alarm by every swift-footed boy we met, and then at once began the removal of our goods to a place of safety in the woods; and in the selection of a hiding place I had the help of Winnake.

On Thursday, before night, temporary shelters of logs roofed with blankets, sheets and quilts were improvised.

"I've got to find Mary and Miss Hoyt," I said to father, "You and a couple of boys can finish up and help the women and see to the cattle."

Mounting Star Face, accompanied by Winnake, I rode to the village. Here I learned from Captain Betts that he had erected a stone barricade on France Street and had got an iron cannon on the rocks above.

At the town house, where Steve had made his headquarters, I met Byington and told him about Mary's absence and our place of refuge in the woods. And as we went towards the Hoyt house as the most likely place in which to find her and

Emily, we met Mary tripping coolly towards home.

"Don't you know, Mary, that the British are coming?" I said reprovingly.

"Yes," she replied, "but I couldn't leave Emily; she is broken down with grief in the death of her mother; she died suddenly last night, and old Holly's been bothering her again. He's determined she shall go to his house."

"Where is she now?" I demanded, for I was unaccountably alarmed.

"She's gone to old Commodore Cannon's house. He sent his housekeeper for her; he knows Tryon and has entertained him many times, and I guess thinks that his house is safe."

Many of our people were still getting their goods in hiding, but some hopeful that it was "only a scare," had not begun to remove them. I rode about the town urging those who had not done so to flee to places of safety with their goods and helpless ones.

At the house of a neighbor, William St. John, I found his wife calmly preparing her baking.

"Good morning!" I greeted, "Do you know that the British vessels have been seen off the harbor in the Sound?"

"Yes, yes!" she said taking her dough from a pan to knead it, "but I thought I might get my

baking done before they got here; bread will come in handy."

Just then the housekeeper of Tom Belden's house, with her apron over her head, came in breathless with excitement and running. "The British are coming!" she said, "Are you going to stay?"

"No," said Mrs. St. John, wiping the dough from her hands, "but I hate to waste this dough," adding, "are you going, Molly?"

"No, I am going to stay and save our house; the British shan't burn it!"

"I guess they will," I said, "Tom Belden is in the Continental army. I don't think they will spare *his* house."

"They *shan't* burn it!" she declared, stamping her foot. "When Tryon was Governor he stopped at our house and I cooked a good dinner for him and his servants, and Mr. Belden took care of his horses himself. Tryon doesn't know that he is in our army and I am going to see him and tell him we are his friends, all for the government."

"Won't that be lying, Molly?" said Mrs. St. John.

"I don't care if it is! I am a good Christian, I hope, but I guess the Lord will overlook the lie if I save our house!"

"Well, Molly," said Mrs. St. John, "better take my dough; I hate to waste it!"

When we were leaving I saw Betty with the dough and some of the half-burned oven wood, running to the Belden house.

At Tom Benedict's I found some of our soldiers drinking the wine and cider that he had set out at his doorway for them.

"Hadn't you better leave, like the rest of your neighbors, Mr. Benedict?" I said, pointing to hurrying groups of people.

"Oh, I guess not," he coolly answered. "Like as not it is only a scare."

"They will come!" I protested, "and you had better get your goods out and yourself too!"

"My wife has gone," he said, "but I am not well enough to run, and if they find me sick in bed I don't think they will take me; especially if I set out plenty of cider and wine to drink."

Seeing that it was useless to argue I was leaving, when he said with a grim wink: "An ounce of strategy is worth a pound of fight any time, Jack."

I had no word from Emily though I heard again that she was in care of Commodore Cannon's housekeeper and did not care to leave. This message, however, came from the housekeeper and not from Emily herself.

It was late on Saturday when more definite

alarm of an attack on Norwalk came. Then a boy who had been at work near the Sound, came running through the village shouting: "The British have come!" Then three guns—the signal agreed upon—confirmed the tidings.

From a tree on the hill could be seen a convoy of sloops and numerous boats landing troops on both sides of the harbor, at Fitch Point and the Old Well landing. The invaders had surely come!

The night that followed was an anxious one. I had received no further tidings from Emily and reproached myself for not having gone to the Cannon house before and tried to bring her from threatened danger.

At the Town House I found Captain Betts busy getting shot and iron scraps to the rocks for his four-pounder.

Going over to Colonel Thomas Fitch's house, I found him still at home.

"Aren't you going to get away?" I asked. "Won't they burn you out?"

"I don't think they will," he replied, "my father was colonial Governor of Connecticut, and I was a Colonel under the British in the French and Indian War. And do you know," he added, smiling, "that they wrote that jingle known as 'Yankee Doodle' in derision of the appearance of me and my men in homespun? My father

built this house and I don't think they will burn it down over his son's head."

And they didn't!

We had thrown out skirmishers on both sides of the river to hinder the march of Tryon's army of two thousand five hundred well-equipped and disciplined soldiers. But there was little doubt in my mind what the outcome would be.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BURNING OF NORWALK

IT being confirmed that the enemy had begun landing troops on each side of the river, I mounted Star Face and rode to the Cannon dwelling.

I knocked, and then impatiently repeated it twice again, when a black maid with gleaming teeth smilingly answered my noisy call.

"Is Miss Hoyt here?" I questioned sharply.

She shook her head, then to quicken her memory I put half a crown into her hand, when she more graciously replied: "I will see de housekeeper, but I thinks she went off with de other white folks."

In a moment the sharp-visaged housekeeper came.

"Is Miss Hoyt here?"

"No, sir," she replied fingering some keys hanging from her belt; "she went away with my master's folks."

"Can you tell me where they went?"

"No," she replied suavely; "gentle folks don't tell their servants their business unless it concerns them."

"Can't you make a guess for me?" I coaxed, with a crown piece in my hand.

"Oh yes," she said with a vinegar-like smile; and waiting until the money had reached her own hand added, "I guess they have gone to Stamford."

"Had you not better get away from here?" I suggested; "the British very likely will burn you out."

"They won't," she affirmed sharply. "We have a friend, Mr. Holly, that will get protection for the house; and I am the housekeeper and can't leave."

Though forced to believe that Emily Hoyt had gone to a place of safety with her relatives, I yet had an inexplicable fear about her.

It was twilight when I got back to the Town House where we made our headquarters.

"Here's Captain Gregory!" said Steve. "How do things look, Jack?"

"Pretty bad," I replied, "so far as successfully defending this town is concerned, for I judge the enemy have full two thousand men or over. What can we expect to do to resist them?"

"Not much," assented Steve, "but Dan Sherman here has just been saying that he has got word from Quartermaster-General Trumbull that a goodly number of militia were on their

way from New Haven, and New London and other places to help us."

It was then agreed that if there was the slightest chance of their arrival in season, our policy as well as our duty was to hinder the enemy all we could.

"We've got to risk it," replied Captain Betts, with the hopefulness of a soldier.

Sunday morning came with prospects of a warm fair day, and with a little more *heat* than was comfortable. For defense there were Captain Betts's regulars of about fifty men, fifty or more militia, and volunteers to the number of possibly fifty more; a pretty slim force with which to contend against an army. The prospects looked discouraging to even a seasoned soldier. But from the beginning of the war, our people believing in an overruling Providence had often achieved seeming impossibilities.

The old iron four-pounder was in a position on the elevated ragged ledge commanding France Street and a good portion of the town. It was a strong defensive position at the point where the enemy would naturally concentrate.

Having reached an understanding with Captain Betts as to our mutual work, I rode down towards the Old Well landing again. I met our men falling back from house to house pursued by small parties of the enemy who were laugh-

ing and shouting as though on a picnic, rummaging the shops and houses as they came. At one place our men ambushed and severely punished a party of them, but without perceptibly staying the incoming tide of invasion.

Winnake, who up to that time had been with me, now suggested that he venture into the enemy's lines and report to me later. He was so persistent that I reluctantly consented.

Concealing my horse and equipments as presenting too good a target for the enemy, I started to visit Steve Betts again. Attracted by shouts I had turned away and in that instant saw a party of redcoats coming up the street. As I hastily dodged into a near-by yard I was confronted by a dozen or more Hessians who had been ransacking the houses for plunder.

"Surrender, you damned rebel!" they commanded, and, having no other choice I obeyed.

Under guard they hurried me to Grummond Hill, a round-top overlooking the town.

Tryon and his staff of officers and clerks had but recently arrived. It gave me a thrill of satisfaction as we went to hear the boom of the four-pounder punctuating the sharp crackling of rifle fire at the fortress of rocks; for I knew that brave Steve Betts was giving the British and Hessians a hot reception. Being dressed in

homespun farmer clothes and without arms, I decided to assume the rôle of an inoffensive citizen.

General Tryon was seated on a table, while in his rear his men were pitching a tent for his convenience near the apex of the hill. It was a well-chosen position both for defense and for observation.

While waiting I saw Mr. Belden's housekeeper come to the General and on bended knees make her petition for the safety of her house. Then I was summoned before the General.

"State your name and business," he said in a perfunctory way, scarcely looking up meanwhile from a paper he was signing.

"I am John Gregory, General, a farmer," I answered. Then recognizing him as the man that I had once helped from a bog where his horse had got mired, when he was Governor, I reminded him of it and claimed his protection.

I believe he was about to grant my request and set me free when, to my dismay, Bob Leaming pushed his way to him and, clearing his throat to gain his attention, said: "I beg your pardon, General, but I want to tell you that this man is the notorious John Gregory, a rebel Captain and a spy. He is one of Washington's secret agents."

"What have you to say?" demanded Tryon.

"I am not a spy, General," I replied. "It is true I have served under Washington, but at present I am unattached, as I can prove."

With deadly coldness Tryon responded: "Take this man to a near-by tree and tie him up. We will see to him at a more convenient time."

I prayed that the convenient time might be delayed, for I had little doubt what my fate would be.

The tree to which I was tied was in the rear, and in the plain sight of where Tryon was seated. It was one of a clump of trees near the eastern side of the hill and in its rear was a dense growth of underbrush.

My lashings were very tight. While I was writhing with the hurt and making the bonds worse by trying to loosen them, and with every effort cutting more deeply into my flesh, Bob Leaming came to inspect and tighten them. Having assured himself that I could not get away, he turned to me with a scowl saying: "How do you like it, my valiant Captain?"

I made no reply to his mocking jibe, but stood calmly in spite of torturing pains, with the determination that *he* should not see me flinch or falter.

As though my demeanor displeased him, he said, "You have been so meddlesome in my af-

fairs, perhaps it will interest you to know that Miss Hoyt is at Commodore Cannon's house in charge of the housekeeper, who is in my pay; and that she is going home with me."

His taunting words broke my calm. "You villain!" I cried. "I may die, but if you wrong that motherless girl, the vengeance of God shall overtake you!"

It heartened me to see him cringe, but as he turned away he had his final fling: "You've been in my way for a good while, Jack Gregory. The world is too small for both of us."

I let him go without reply.

I do not know how long I stood in agony of soul and body, but it seemed hours to me; for I was every moment expecting to be summoned to a drumhead courtmartial and a firing squad, while Emily was in the hands of a villain or perishing in flames!

I had about given up hope, and though praying for deliverance had but little faith in its answer, when I heard the call of a robin: It was one of Winnake's signals.

I waited for it to be repeated for so long a time, that I decided it was a real bird-call and not Winnake's. The robin call came again, and a hand from behind the tree grasped my arm with the whispered caution: "Wait. Don't

stir!" With a keen knife he severed the cords: my hands and feet were freed, and I was drawn behind the tree into the concealing thickets. I was guided to safety almost before realizing that I was free.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE RESCUE

LOSING no time I regained my horse and sword. Through paths and by-ways familiar to me since childhood I rode, intent only of rescuing Emily, for I had no doubt that she was being held against her will at the Cannon house. She was in double peril.

Riding I could catch glimpses of groups of British soldiers and Tories setting fires and pillaging. Through an open door I saw a soldier rip a straw mattress and throw into it a mass of live coals from the fire place. At the Benedict house there were groups of Hessians singing, shouting and drinking from the bowl and tub of wine and cider that had been placed at the doorway. But thus far they had spared his house.

The invaders in groups were setting fires through all the town. Black volumes of smoke from which darted tongues of red flames seemed to mock the invaders; the crash of falling rafters was heard above the ribald songs and shouts of the incendiaries.

Facing east I saw our meeting-house in flames, and then the clang of its bell like a groan rang out as its steeple collapsed and fell in smoking ruins.

I drew rein before the Cannon residence. It heartened me to see that it was untouched by flames. A black servant, lingering by the carriage shed where I fastened Star Face cried out to me: "The redcoats are around killing everybody!"

"Have they been here?"

"No," he replied, "our cross old stick of a housekeeper has locked the doors; she threatened to kill me." And saying this, off he ran as though afraid of the house itself.

I rattled the great lion-head door-knocker and demanded entrance! I called loudly, but got no answer.

Then I caught up a log from the wood-pile and banged the oaken door to force it. From an open window at the upper story came a querulous voice, calling out in treble tones, "Who's there?"

It was the housekeeper. She knew me well.

"I have come for Miss Hoyt," I cried. "Let me in!"

"Lor' sakes," she said with pretended humility, "I told you once that she's gone off. Now go 'way from making a fuss, won't you?"

And with this she was about to close the window when I called out, "Wait a minute!"

She paused, and I said, "I know Miss Hoyt is here."

She answered not a word, but slammed the window shut. I battered down the door with the fire-log and entered the broad hallway. But seeing just then a party of redcoats coming up the street I got into a small room leading from the hall which proved to be the butler's closet. From there I was about to make a run for the broad stairway, when I heard the shouts of the soldiers and the jingle of broken glass, which told me that they were smashing in the windows; and then I heard them tramping into the house.

I peered from a diamond-shaped window into a magnificent dining room. It had a big chimney-place—in which a whole sheep could be roasted—with a swinging crane on which still hung the remains of a quarter of beef over a smouldering fire; and a carved oaken mantel where glittered brass candlesticks, pewter and silver. In the center was a massive dinner table on which glistened shining silver, bowls, a tankard with glasses; and over head hung a chandelier with its many candles. Remains of a meal were still on the polished table, and evidence of a disorderly leave-taking.

With a shout and clatter the party of redcoats

broke into the room. "Here's a rum go!" one shouted. "Come on!" cried another pocketing silver spoons from the table and cramming his mouth with food. "This old cock of a rebel, I will wager a crown, has some good stuff to drink!" cried another starting down the cellar way. Then a yell came from below, "We've found it!" and the invaders went shouting and laughing down the cellar stairs.

I was about to come out of hiding to search for Emily, when a fine-looking young fellow in the red and glitter of a British officer sauntered into the room.

"Sergeant Butts!" he called. "Ho, Sergeant!"

There was no answer but a confused sound of laughter and shouting from the cellar below.

"Confound the scamps!" he murmured good-naturedly. Then deliberately gathering fragments of broken furniture from the floor, he drew out papers from an open drawer and without looking at what they might be, lit a wisp from the fireplace and was about to start a fire in the midst of the room.

Leaping into the room I angrily confronted him.

He drew his pistol and was about to shoot me down, when with a stick I carried I struck it from his hand. His face flamed angrily as he cried:

THEN WITH GRATING OF STEEL ON STEEL WE FOUGHT

"What are you doing here, you rebel lout?" and at the same time made a motion to his sword. I drew mine and faced him.

When I held the weapon in my hand I felt my nerves tighten like steel and a thrill of pleasure and confidence: the thrill that a swordsman feels who knows his weapon and is confident in his skill. As my sword flashed into the light I felt an added leap in my veins in the fact that it was drawn for the defense of Emily.

"Ah!" he cried as though not unpleased, "A swordsman you! This is a dining room; I'll carve you!"

I made no other reply to this taunt but to face him with my drawn sword. Wishing to deal with me single-handed, he made no call to his men.

Without a word I saluted him formally. We crossed swords. Watching his eyes I saw his purpose of quickly finishing me. He made a skillful lunge in an attempt to run me through. I parried and thrust in return slightly wounding his shoulder. Then with grating of steel on steel we fought.

I soon saw that I had a skillful adversary, in spite of his rash hastiness, and he speedily learned my own prowess and grew more cautious. I had the longer reach, and my skill equalled if it did not surpass his. The light was unfavorable for me and as I fought I changed position. In one

thing I soon saw that I had the advantage,—my wind was better! He tried first one trick of swordsmanship and then another; but thanks to Jean's teaching and my practice with Hugh Mercer I met them all successfully. I was still weak from my wound and sickness, but yet had strength of limb and arm. His breath came short and quick; and as though recognizing that his only chance was to finish me quickly, he made a swift and clever lunge. With a deft motion of my hand and wrist, putting all my strength in the effort, with a vigorous parry, I sent his sword clattering among the broken furniture. I had disarmed him, and had him at my mercy.

Dropping the point of my sword, I waited. Then making a motion toward his weapon, I said, "Pick it up!"

He stood for a moment as though surprised, and then resumed his sword. I saluted him again and stood on guard.

"No," he protested, "with my men here it would be unfair."

Then coming toward me he extended his hand saying, "You have beaten me fairly and have acted most generously, and I can not take advantage of it, with my men so near."

I did not withhold my hand.

As his men came clattering into the room with yells and laughter he said, "Take yourselves into

another room! I am in conversation with this gentleman." Then turning to me again he said, "I am Lieutenant St. Clair of His Majesty's service."

"I am John Gregory, sir," I replied in formal acknowledgment.

"Gregory?" he repeated; "I know fine gentlemen of that name at home."

"I am none of those," I answered proudly, "I am a plain American farmer, and what you'd call a rebel!" Then adding, "Pardon me, but I am in haste to find a young lady whom I believe to be detained in this house; I must find her and take her away. That is why I stopped you when you were about to fire the house."

"Whoever you are," he said heartily, "you are a swordsman and I believe a gentleman; and you can command any help from me that I can honorably give. My orders are to burn this house."

"It is a shameful thing to do," I replied, "and there are women still in it."

"Yes," he answered, "but it is war and I am a soldier—as I suspect you are—and under orders that I must not question. I will, however, gladly wait until you have rescued the lady."

"Thank you, sir," I said and was about to go when he wrote a line and tore it from his notebook and handed it to me saying, "This may help you."

I tucked it into my belt without reading, and ran up the stairway calling: "Emily! Miss Hoyt! are you here?" And bursting into a room was confronted once more by the housekeeper.

"What do you want here?" she snarled; "do you want to steal or kill?"

"I want Miss Hoyt," I replied, "I know she is here. They are about to burn this house and you must get out, too."

"I won't stir one step until you are gone; I am in charge of this house; and Miss Hoyt has gone."

"You lie!" I cried, "she is here!" And hearing a cry in an adjoining room I started for the door.

The housekeeper barred my way saying, "Get out of this house, Mr. Impudence!"

I thrust her aside, broke open the door, and burst into the room. Finding it in darkness I threw open a wooden shutter, and there crouching in a corner was Emily Hoyt.

"Emily," I cried, "it is I, Jack Gregory!"

With a little cry she came to me and I gathered her in my arms and carried her downstairs, while the old virago stormed in protest.

St. Clair was at the door.

"I have rescued this lady from a cruel plight," I said to him. "Will you help me?"

"With pleasure, sir," he replied and accom-

panied me to the street and to my horse. He helped Emily to my saddle, assisted in placing a blanket to make it more easy to carry her; then as I rode away called out, "Good day and good luck!"

For a time not a word was spoken, when Emily said, "Oh, Jack, I am so glad you came!"

"So am I," I replied. And for the life of me I couldn't think of anything else to say, as we rode along.

When near the Benedict house, which the enemy had taken for their wounded, some Tories who had been pilfering seized my bridle.

"Don't you see," I cried, "that this lady is ill and that I am taking her where she may be cared for?"

"He's Jack Gregory," cried one who knew me —"a rebel officer!"

A sergeant hearing this called out, "Arrest him!" And then one of his men began to run his hands over my person to see if I had any other arms than those in sight; but when he was about to unbuckle my sword belt, seeing the paper that St. Clair had given me, he passed it to the sergeant.

Glancing it over the non-com said doubtingly: "He doesn't look right, but this paper is a safe conduct signed by our Adjutant," and passed it back to me.

I lost no time in riding on. Through by-ways and alley-ways I went toward my home; and with a deep breath of mingled sorrow and relief, paused before its blackened ruins, silently viewing it.

"My dear girl," I said, "I have no home to offer you, but if you will help me we will build a home of our own."

Emily clasped me about the neck with her delicate arm, while her face was lit with blending sweetness and timidity—as the hues of morning contend and blend to make a perfect day. Then she pressed her cheek to mine and softly said: "Be good to me, dear Jack, for I have no one now but you."

That was her surrender and her rescue was my courtship.

When we reached our camping-place in the forest, father came out with a look of inquiry saying, "How is it, my son?" To which I replied, "Our homes are in ashes, but with the ruin a great wealth has come to me; for this dear girl has promised to be my wife."

To which father replied, "Yes, John; the worth of a good woman is above rubies. May God's blessings rest upon you, my dear children!"

CHAPTER XXVII

MUTINY IN CAMP

THE next few days were busy ones indeed. The enemy had returned to Long Island and we had little more to dread from them; but we had to gather together household effects, and rebuild our homes from the ashes. All over Norwalk the sound of axe and saw and hammer was heard, as the town strove to emerge from one day's vandalism.

Fortunately we had saved nearly all our own furniture and other effects; and we were also fortunate in finding a dilapidated log cabin which with some labor was soon made homelike.

It heartened me mightily to see how my dear Emily entered into the spirit of the new home-making and was one of us from the first. If I had formerly thought her cold and distant, I now found a new Emily who revealed a more attractive side every day.

We were also helped not a little in the unexpected arrival of Sergeant Job Tucker. Matilda heard his voice first. The way in which she dropped everything and rushed out to greet him

ought to have left no doubt in his mind as to her affections. He came in holding her by the hand and with a sheepish look on his face.

"Captain Jack," he said; "Matilda thinks the army can do without me for a few days, so by gosh, I am here to tag."

And we were glad of his help.

That evening when we had gathered at our supper table, spread under a big oak, father, after the usual blessing, said: "John, what are your plans for the future?"

"After I have helped to make you as comfortable as possible here," I replied, "I must return to the army."

Mother, with a sorrowful look on her face, and with a glance towards Emily said, "I was in hopes, my son, that you could stay at home."

"I am needed at the front," I replied. "Sergeant Tucker brings this message from General Knox: 'General Washington orders that so soon as you are able he requires your services. When can you report for duty?' I must return to the army!"

Emily smiled at me bravely but her eyes were suspiciously wet.

Father, bowing his venerable head in assent. simply said: "Yes, it is your duty, John; our country first of all."

I shall not dwell on my leave-taking, as this is mainly a story of my war experiences. But it seemed to me, as I rode slowly down the hill out of town, as though I were leaving the biggest part of me at home. And from the way Job turned in his saddle and gulped I know he felt the same way.

When I reached headquarters again, I found many duties awaiting me. Both General Knox and our Commander were good enough to say that they had missed my services. General Washington, always sparing of his words, looked me over from head to foot, as I stood at attention and saluted.

"Sound in wind and limb again, Captain Gregory?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Good!" he commented.

My duties now were chiefly as confidential messenger between Washington and his other officers. I was entrusted with many secrets which, if they had ever leaked out, would have seriously imperilled our cause.

The years 1780 and '81 were dark and distressing; but it was the darkness that precedes the dawn.

The army was in a distressed condition; its soldiers were ragged and half-starved, and had

been without pay for many months. It seemed that Congress at times was doing its best to destroy it.

The paper money fad possessed their minds. "Why tax the people," it was said, "when with a printing-press money can be made by the bushel?" It was issued, consequently, until a month's pay of its soldiers would not buy a bushel of wheat, and "not worth a continental" became an expression for worthlessness. Lafayette said, "No European soldier would suffer the tenth part of what the American soldiers suffer. It takes citizens to support hunger, nakedness and total want of pay."

There was a limit, however, to the endurance of even American soldiers; they began to revolt.

In January, 1781, two Pennsylvania regiments that had received no pay for nearly a year demanded back pay and mutinied; they announced their intention of marching to Philadelphia and forcing Congress to do them justice.

"Captain Gregory," commanded my chief, "fill your saddle-bags and ride without delay to General Wayne and investigate as minutely as practicable the conditions there, and report to me as soon as possible."

On my arriving at Wayne's headquarters, which at that time was near Princeton, he informed me of the situation. "The men," he said,

"will listen to no one who proposes that they return to duty without redress of their wrongs. They would probably obey me as quickly as any one, but when I remonstrated with them, they told me to go about my business; for they wanted redress, not talk nor promises."

On his advice I entered their camp dressed as a private, in order to understand more fully the cause and spirit of their revolt. No objection was made to my presence—or rather little notice was taken of me.

"What is the matter here?" I inquired of a soldier in sergeant's uniform.

"The matter is," he replied, "the men are desperate. Some of them have families that are suffering for the bare necessities of life. All are half-starved and in rags, and Congress will make no effort to pay us, or provide for our families."

Just then I heard a sound of angry voices and contention.

"What does that mean?" I inquired.

I was soon answered. Coming towards us was a mass of men with two men in their midst.

They were two British spies, one a British sergeant and the other a Tory. These two had proposed to them that they desert in a body, under promise of more than their back pay in gold, and exemption from serving in the British army.

Something about the Tory looked familiar to me, and on coming closer I was amazed to see the face of Bob Leaming. Almost at the same time he recognized me, and a look of something like hope came into his hunted face.

"What are you going to do with them?" I inquired of one of the soldiers.

"We will turn them over to General Wayne for trial, and if he don't hang them we will! We are no Benedict Arnolds. We only want decent treatment."

They hustled the men before Wayne, who ordered them placed in a guardhouse pending investigation.

No sooner had the soldiers departed than I approached the General with a request.

"May I visit those two prisoners?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered; "do you know them?"

"I know one of them, sir, and I will report back to you what I discover."

"Very well," he agreed, scribbling off a brief word of permission.

Armed with this I soon confronted my old-time rival and enemy—but under what changed conditions! Then I was totally within his power, as also was Emily Hoyt. Now his own neck was "not worth a continental"—and he knew it.

"Get me out of this, Jack!" he begged, as soon

as we were alone. "Get me out of this, and I'll do anything you say."

In his abject terror he almost got down on his knees to me.

"You did not seem minded to do *me* any favors, the last time we met," I reminded him sternly.

"I know it. I was a fool—and I'm glad you rescued Emily Hoyt. My God! she might have got burned up. Those British did not play me fair."

"Then why are you still in their pay, and sneaking into our lines?" I asked.

"I am not spying for information," he asserted with an attempt at bravado. "But everybody knows that your soldiers are starving to death. They are deserting every day. So we are merely offering them pay to quit in a body."

"Men like you, Bob Leaming, are more dangerous than an armed regiment. You ought to be hung—"

"For God's sake, Jack, don't talk that way!" he whined. "Get me off and I'll tell all I know."

"What do you know?" I asked.

"There's a big plot brewing—ever since, and before, Benedict Arnold quit. It's big, I tell you, and I know all about it!"

I never trusted Leaming, and I did not put much confidence in his words now. But still I

did not like to stand idly by and see him hung. Something within me rebelled at the thought—and I am glad now—long after these events transpired—that I acted as I did.

Telling Bob I would report his case back to the General, I returned to Wayne and told him of the conversation, and also about Bob's history, sparing nothing.

"H'm!" he said thoughtfully. "The fellow is hardly worth saving, and my men will make a big fuss. However, his information may be of importance. We will see."

The result was that Bob got out with a whole neck; and did in fact give our army some valuable data regarding a plan to undermine the morale of our whole army with promises of pardon and British gold; though I am still of the opinion they would have met with little success. Our men might mutiny, but "they were no Benedict Arnolds."

After gathering all the facts, I reported them to my Commander.

He was deeply affected when I told him of their wanting to hang the British spies, exclaiming, "God help our poor men! But what a contrast is their conduct under temptation to that of Arnold!"

Shortly after this, terms were offered which our men accepted, and they returned to duty

without punishment. They really had the sympathy of officers high in command, who felt that there were conditions when even mutiny might find excuse.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MARCHING TO VICTORY

"WHAT is our old General up to now?" said Job Tucker one day; "I do believe he is goin' to play another Trenton trick on the red-coats!"

"You know as much as I do," I replied; "and, so far as I can learn, as much as anyone else except Washington, and that is, we have crossed King's Ferry and are now on the march towards New York; further, deponent saith not."

"I guess that de-what you may call him," growled Job, "is a Frenchman; an' what they know, by gosh, ain't hurtin' 'em. I hope that we are goin' to give them Britishers at New York a gol-darned good lickin'!"

"That seems to be the general opinion," I suggested, "so you know as much as the rest of us do, and that's only a guess!"

The armies of Washington and Rochambeau, six thousand men, had broken camp and crossed the Hudson and were rapidly marching down the river roads. No one but our General-in-Chief and Rochambeau, not even the staff officers, knew

our destination; though most of us were content to believe that we were to attack the British at Staten Island.

The general situation at that time, briefly stated, was as follows: Though malevolent influences in Congress had almost driven General Green from the army, Washington, with unfailing tact, had caused him to be placed in command of the Southern army. Under his able generalship Cornwallis had been lured into North Carolina and finally eliminated from the game. To march back to South Carolina would be a confession of failure; so Cornwallis moved to Wilmington and from thence to Petersburg, Va., where he expected to receive aid from the British fleet.

Washington at that time had sent Lafayette —who was only twenty-three years of age—to watch Arnold, who, fresh from his treason, was commanding several thousand men nearby.

Cornwallis, having been outmaneuvered by General Green, now sought to retrieve his reputation by capturing Lafayette. "The boy," he proclaimed, "shall not escape me!" But the young Marquis, though not a great general, proved to be cautious and wary. When the British advanced he skillfully retreated, saying in a letter to Washington, "My army is not strong enough even to be beaten."

Cornwallis, in trying to "catch the boy," was

baited on, across James river to Petersburg in fruitless pursuit, until he reached the York Peninsula where, at Yorktown, he expected aid from the British fleet. But the advent of the French war craft at this juncture had interrupted British control of the water; so, instead of affording a haven of safety, Yorktown proved to be a fatal trap for the British.

Comprehending all the elements of the game of war, our wise Commander had matured a plan to snap the trap shut and capture Cornwallis.

With this in view he planned his march to blind Clinton—the British Commander at New York—as to his real purpose.

By rapid marches over familiar roads we reached New Brunswick before there was even a suspicion that our purpose was not an attack on Staten Island. Even then the plan was not revealed to our officers.

"Jerusalem, Captain!" said Job Tucker, "I just begin to see a light. Our old general is invitin' the red rat to come out of his cheese and bite us; then he will turn suddenly and grab him."

"I am glad," I scoffed, "that you have got it all planned out how to do it, Job."

"Well," groaned Job, "I know that my hoss is gettin' darned tired, an' it's 'bout time to do somethin', or by Jerusalem crickets, there'll be a fuss!"

Suddenly the command came to turn around and march south; then, like Job Tucker, we began to "see a light." Back we marched so rapidly that though we wondered, we reached Philadelphia before the real purpose of our march was disclosed. Congress had been told, and what Congress knew was no longer a secret. The good people of that city had already begun to rejoice as though our success was fully achieved. They thronged the streets and windows, enthusiastically waving hankerchiefs, shouting greetings, and showering flowers on our roughly-clad veterans to whom bread and butter would have been more welcome. Our soldiers in their rough service-stained toggery—but with bright muskets—marching at route step presented a vivid contrast to our French allies who followed with their fine equipments and brilliant uniforms flashing in the sun.

A march of fifty miles or more would bring our army to the headwaters of Chesapeake Bay where water transportation awaited us.

"Captain Gregory," commanded General Knox, who had summoned me to headquarters, "You will take these papers and deliver them to the transportation officer who is awaiting at the headwaters of the Bay, and return with his report to the army on the march, so soon as practicable. Be vigilant and cautious, for a courier

riding over the route was recently assaulted, wounded and robbed of his papers."

With Sergeant Tucker, Buxton, Winnake, and several others for my escort, I began my journey that morning. The roads were muddy and in places ill-defined. Outside of a few large plantations the way was but little populated.

The second day out I was riding with Winnake, in advance of my party, when I stopped at a barn-like log building at a cross-road, and inquired of a black man, "How far is it to the Bay landing?"

"A right smart distance, sah," was the answer.

"How many miles?" I persisted.

"Don't know, sah, but a right smart of 'em I reckon," was the unsatisfactory answer. Then he volunteered the unasked information, "This is the 'Cross-Road Tavern.' "

"Can I get something to eat here?" I asked.

Being answered in the affirmative, I dismounted and seating myself in the public room, awaited service.

The room ran across the entire front of the building. At the bar, behind which were a negro and a white attendant, there lounged a big man in the uniform of a French soldier. I was wondering about him when he suddenly turned and faced me.

"Come up and have a leetle drink," he invited.

"Thank you," I answered, "I do not care for drink; I have ordered something to eat."

"Come and have a drink with me!" he persisted with an ugly frown.

"Please excuse me," I answered somewhat more tartly, "I do not care for drink."

"But," he said sharply, "I don't please!"

Determined to avoid a quarrel, I shook my head for reply.

"You not drink with me? then—"

"Be quiet," conciliated the man behind the bar; "let the gentleman alone."

"Hush up yourself!" savagely ejaculated the ruffian, or soldier—if soldier he was—then to me, "Now pick this up," he said, filling a glass with liquor, "and say 'damn all vermin who will not drink' and . . ."

I stood up and took the glass from the bar.

"Ah ha!" he cried with a grin, "that is better, you have concluded to—"

"Throw this in your impudent face!" I answered, suiting my action to my words.

There were shouts of warning from those behind the bar, as the ruffian in unmistakable English dialect sputtered "Damn you! I'll cut your heart out!" and swiftly drawing an ugly cavalry sabre rushed upon me.

Thinking that there might be others of his party to attack in rear, I quickly stepped back

near a corner. The light was poor, and what there was of it came from a square, cloth-covered aperture which answered for a window and shone in my face, a disadvantage which a swordsman will recognize.

However, I met his not unskillful lunge with a dexterous parry that almost shook his weapon from his hand. With a look of chagrin he rushed to close quarters, so I could not use my sword again, crying, "Ah ha! I have—!"

He did not finish, for holding my sword upright by the hilt, I struck the peak of his chin with all the force of my body back of the blow!

For an instant he lay like a dead man, and then with a gasp opened his eyes, ejaculating, "You damned Yankee!"

"What are you masquerading as a soldier for?" I angrily cried, with my foot on his breast. "Answer, before I kill you like a dog that you are!"

He made no reply except to curse, as Job and Buxton came to my aid, to whom I commanded: "Tie him up! I believe he is a Tory spy who intended to rob and murder me."

Later I turned him over to our army. Whether he was hanged or shot I do not know; but a drum-head courtmartial stands on little ceremony, and I can guess his fate, if found guilty.

That afternoon I reached the landing, de-

livered my message, and speedily returned and reported to headquarters while the army was on the march.

General Knox was pleased to compliment me on my work and was especially satisfied with my capture of the spy, whom he believed to be one who had robbed a previous courier sent to communicate with the transport officer.

Shortly the army of six thousand troops were embarked on transports, and in a few days were landed near Yorktown ready for attack.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN

BANG! whizz z z z! came a shot from the British works as we marched forward upon the plains of Yorktown to take position encircling them. Their left flank rested on Wormley Creek, and they were extended forming a semicircle until their right rested on the York River which was in their rear.

The French war craft blocking the entrance to Chesapeake Bay prevented their escape or receiving reinforcements. Previous to the advance of the army under Washington and Rochambeau, Lafayette with a force about equal in numbers to that of the foe had planted himself across the narrow neck of land formed by the York and James rivers at Williamsburg.

Meanwhile the British commander, without the slightest suspicion of the coming of Washington's army, had confidently awaited the arrival of the British fleet before hazarding battle, and thus lost his only chance for escape.

On the 6th of October, 1781, the Continental army of upwards of sixteen thousand had con-

centrated and begun to dig a half circle of earthworks around the position of the enemy; the Americans on their left, and the French army encircling their right.

Though the British were entrapped and must eventually capitulate, our Commander, realizing that in war the unexpected often happens, resolved to make sure by forcing a speedy surrender. On the 11th the second line of investment was opened.

While our lines were thus forming, I was called to Washington's headquarters for duty.

"Captain," said General Knox, "we are uncertain about the strength of the enemy's redoubts opposite our right. It is information much desired before we hazard an assault. General Washington has designated you as the man most competent for this service. Can you obtain this information?"

"I can try, General," I replied. "When and in what way do you wish me to act?"

"As soon as possible; the rest is left entirely to your discretion," was his reply.

The task was a difficult one. I could only solve the problem by first getting inside the British lines. How was this to be done? I might arrange a dramatic desertion; but this had been played so many times that it would carry with it suspicion that might in itself defeat my purpose.

I took counsel with Winnake. He listened without a word until I had told him what was expected of me, and my doubts as to the best way of doing it.

After some thought he said pointing to the river, "Water go out every day! We go after quahaugs (hard-shell clams)."

I saw at once that this simple plan would result in our getting into the British lines and thus captured, and would solve a part of the problem. But how to get the required information and get back again was another thing.

Divesting myself of arms and officer's uniform, Winnake and I crossed the creeks and landed on the flats left bare by the receding tide. Here we found clams with which we proceeded to fill a bag as we advanced upstream. We were apparently so intent on gathering them that we forgot caution, until a sharp call accompanied by a musket shot arrested our progress. We were inside the British lines. We turned to run, but the enemy guards got between us and our skiff, cutting off our retreat, and compelling us to surrender or be shot down.

We were conducted to one of the very forts about which I was instructed to obtain information, and questioned by an officer.

"What were you trying to do?" inquired the officer suspiciously.

"Getting clams for a chowder," I replied. "We're in the commissary department, and the men were clamoring for clams."

"Instead of a chowder," he said facetiously, and answering my pun with another, "you have got yourself into a stew."

Then he questioned me sharply and I gave him truthful replies about the number of our forces and other details of little consequence—the knowledge of which by our enemy could do us no harm.

The officer, seemingly satisfied at my straightforward conduct, said to a sergeant, "Put these men under guard and see that they do not escape."

"Put irons on them?" questioned the sergeant.

"No," responded the officer, "they haven't done anything except act like fools, and they cannot escape with any proper guard."

We passed the two redoubts on our way to guard quarters, and I mentally noted the situation.

"My," I said to the non-com, with assumed simplicity, "you have got some heavy guns here!"

"Oh no," contradicted the sergeant, "most of them are field pieces—a few twenty-pounders; only four out of the twenty guns over there are heavier."

"Twenty guns?" I questioned.

"Yes," he bragged, "and ten on top of that, five or six on the flanks besides; don't you see them?"

"No," I replied, "where are they?"

"Come here," he said, "and I will show you what the Yankees may expect, if they are foolish enough to attack these redoubts."

It was just the information I desired.

"Gee whiz," I exclaimed, "I wouldn't want to charge them forts!" and then added, "It is better to be a prisoner than to be killed."

We were conducted through the redoubts to the guard quarters and I noted the arrangements for defense as we went. The guard quarters was a log hut, evidently constructed hastily, on the bluff that looked down on the river.

Winnake and I helped the guard to make the clams we had secured into a chowder for their supper and we made a good one—one of the best I ever ate. Before long I was in good-humored conversation with them, and without effort gained more information. They did not appear to have the least suspicion that I was other than what I seemed—a half-witted yokel serving the commissary—and they joked and talked in the most unrestrained way about their army.

By singular good fortune I gained the very information required; but to get away with it was another matter.

We were given a bunk at the rear of the guard platform, and I was left to my undisturbed reflections, which were far from being pleasant.

The second relief was on, and the men relieved had begun to snore, when Winnake whispered to me something I did not understand, until he showed me a board which he had removed at the bottom of our bunk, and under which was the bare ground.

I saw at once that here was a chance for a possible escape by digging out. There was no time to lose, for it was just ten o'clock and we must do our digging cautiously and swiftly, if we expected to succeed.

The soil was sandy and easy of removal; but only one could dig at a time, for one must watch the guards who were lying on the platform near the door and apparently napping. The soil excavated was piled up on each side of the tunnel-like hole we were digging, but as it was fast accumulating I was fearful of detection should the guard come to make sure of our safety.

One of the boards that we had removed from the bank was split and at one end almost formed a point, and with this I thought I might prod through to the outer bluff and then run the sand and earth through this hole down the embankment.

Stealthily and silently we continued to dig. I

was taking my turn at digging with my body mostly in the hole when I heard an exclamation from one of the guards. But he was only swearing at one of the other guards who had fallen asleep and had crowded him.

The relief again being called, the men from outside guard duty came into the quarters. While this was going on we made no attempt to work, but lay in our bunk apparently asleep and snoring.

The relieved guard talked awhile and said something about a sortie that was to be made upon our lines. But they soon settled down to sleep, and tired out from their day's work began, one after another, to snore. Then I began again to dig, while Winnake was on guard snoring as loud as prudent to cover any sound I might make.

Becoming impatient I began probing with all my strength at the end of the hole we had dug, which was at least six feet or more in length by this time. Suddenly the earth gave way, the air rushed in, and I could see light beyond. But the stone and earth rolling down the embankment outside made a startling sound that seemed to my nerves-on-edge like an avalanche!

"What the dickens—is that?" asked a guard crossly.

"Oh, just some more of our bluff falling into the river," answered another. "They built this

shack so blamed close to the edge that I expect we will all tumble in the next big rain."

I lay with my heart in my throat, but in a few moments all was still and the tunnel completed. We began by backing out the hole on our stomachs and slowly sliding downward. When we reached the bottom of the bluff, we found to our consternation that it was nearly high tide. We waded into the water to our arm-pits, when finding that the tide was going out, we began to swim with the current, until we felt safe to approach the shore.

Just then, however, we heard an uproar in the camp and surmised that our escape had been discovered. So once more we took to deep water, swimming downstream with the current. After some minutes of wading and swimming, a counter current led me to believe that we had reached the water ebbing from Wormley Creek. We made for the shore—fortunately with but little noise for on reaching it, we heard the measured tread of a sentinel. He advanced until within a few feet of us then faced about and began to pace in an opposite direction.

It was a close shave. At a sign from the Indian I removed my outer garments, without a moment's hesitation, and began to swim for the opposite shore. We landed near a large square house and though nearly exhausted, moved as

fast as possible toward our camps. It was sunrise when I reached headquarters.

The guard officer, because of my suspicious, woe-begone condition, hesitated for a time to admit me to an interview with General Knox, though the General had given orders that I was to be brought to him at once.

"What has become of your clothes?" inquired the orderly who finally conducted us to the office.

I made no reply.

Aroused from his morning nap, General Knox with an impatient frown on his face, came in.

I rose and saluted.

"What are you doing here without proper clothes?" he exclaimed.

"I left them in the river," I replied.

Then he recognized me, but he said impatiently, "You have failed, I see!"

"No, General," I replied quietly, "I am just from the enemy's lines, and am ready to report. If you will permit me," I continued, "to sit down, I am exhausted."

Speaking a word to an orderly, he listened to my report.

"Well done!" he commented; "the General made no mistake in his belief that you would succeed."

Then the orderly came in with my uniform and

with dry underclothes, while General Knox went to inform my Commander of my arrival.

I had washed my face and hands of the river mud and was clothed when Washington appeared. To him I gave the story of my night's adventures more in detail and, in particular, sketched the position of the flanking guns at the forts.

Before I left, a breakfast was brought in, and Washington did me the great honor of asking me to join him at table. I shall never forget that breakfast and the friendly chat so long as I live.

Proud of my General's friendship, I returned to my quarters, and lying down for a short nap did not awake until nearly sundown.

On the 6th of October, 1781, as I have elsewhere said, the first chain of earthworks around the enemy had been opened by General Lincoln; and five days later the second advanced parallel had been opened within three hundred feet of their lines.

On the 12th, the British made a brave but ineffectual sortie to break through our defenses. Our seventy guns opened a destructive fire on their works, and compelled them to retire.

The redoubts on our extreme right, of which I had made a special report, were to be attacked. The one on the right was to be stormed by a

force under Colonel Hamilton, and the other nearby at its left by the French.

It was night when, moving silently forward at an agreed signal, we rushed upon the enemy with yells and shouts! Taken by surprise, the garrison surrendered with little loss to the Americans who had stormed it. The French, though equally successful in this assault, lost more heavily.

The next day all our guns were turned upon the enemy, and under this destructive fire their works were crumpled, until, on the 17th, Cornwallis hoisted the white flag of surrender. Two days later the British army of more than eight thousand men marched out to the tune of, "The World Turned Upside Down," and laid down their arms upon the plains of Yorktown.

It was the final battle of the war. The surrender of Cornwallis was the most dramatic event of those epoch-making times. It put a decisive touch to our Commander's great achievements which proclaimed him one of the world's great captains, and gave full recognition to a nation of freemen.

CHAPTER XXX

AND LAST

THE rest of my story is soon told. Though the conclusion of peace was delayed for months, Yorktown was the last battle of the war. When on the 19th of April, 1782, the day that completed the eighth year of the war for independence, the cessation of hostilities with Great Britain was proclaimed, I laid aside the uniform of a soldier for that of a farmer, and the hardships of camp and battle for the joys of peace and home.

As I made my way back to my own fireside I met with many little groups of returning soldiers on the way, fraternizing together and being entertained in every village and inn. Many were the war yarns spun, and great was the joy of these rough-looking veterans at the prospect of seeing their home-folks and taking up life for themselves again.

My own party included the faithful Tucker, Winnake, Buxton, and half a dozen others picked up on the way.

And when we reached Norwalk what a wel-

come awaited us! It seemed as though the whole town had turned out to honor us. Many homes had been rebuilt, and much of the ravaging of fire healed.

When the detested Tryon and his army sailed away, he was accompanied by most of our Tory neighbors. Some of them came back later humbly pleading for permission to dwell among us, which was not denied.

My father's home was in process of rebuilding, and the dear ones still lived in the log cabin. But long before I came in sight of it they met me on the road. Then what a glad welcome was there! Tears come into my eyes even now as I picture the little group—my white-haired father and mother, looking at me with unspeakable pride; Mary not a whit behind with her praise; and Emily!

As the dear girl hid her face on my shoulder and sobbed out her joy, she said:

"You are never going to leave me again, dear Jack—never again!"

"No—please God!" I answered—and my words were a prayer.

In June our new house was finished, and on the day we moved in there was a double wedding to celebrate the occasion—Emily and I; and Matilda and her faithful Job!

That was our incoming of joy and peace, and its auspicious promise has been fulfilled in our after lives.

Winnake has a little house and farm on the banks of the Thames River at Mohegan, but he loves a wigwam better than a roof, and hunting and the free air of the forests better than farming. Each year when on a hunting trip he visits me—sometimes with his sons, who are as great friends with my son as are their fathers. He wears with pride a silver medal presented by "The great chief," for his services at Yorktown, and loves the name of Washington.

Job Tucker, who lives with Matilda and their numerous offspring on his farm on the banks of the Connecticut, still tells of his army experiences, and his "doin's" with Captain Gregory.

When Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, by his invitation through General Knox, my wife and I attended his inauguration in New York, and we were honored by his never-failing courtesy.

Later, while President, in passing through Norwalk, he held an informal reception at the "Old Well Tavern" kept by Uncle Sammy White, and my wife and I were invited to stand by his side. On that occasion several of our former Tory neighbors were so far reformed that they pressed forward to congratulate him; and

foremost among them was Jim Saunders, who had taunted us on being late with our harvest.

When some one, in derision, asked him if he had been a patriot, he snarled out the reply: "Didn't the tarnation British burn my house down over my head?" No one could dispute the fact, and few of us cared to remind him of his past.

As my wife reads these concluding lines with Jack, our son, standing by her side, she says:

"Will our children and those who come after them ever realize what it has cost us in labor and suffering to give them the liberties they enjoy?"

And I am questioning, too.